The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXVI . NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1921 NUMBER 333

Contents

The Week 215
Editorials
A New Basis for Reparations..... 217
How Liberalism Can Avoid Futility..... 219
British Coal and Labor..... 222
The Fruits of Peonage..... 223
General Articles
Lord Melbourne and Queen Victoria.....
.....Lytton Strachey 225
Mr. Harding's News Service.....
.....Edward G. Lowry 229
The Advent of Mr. Austen Chamberlain.....
.....An English Liberal 231
Clare Kummer.....P. L. 233
Workers' Education.....Arthur Gleason 235
Correspondence 237
Books and Things.....Edmund Wilson, Jr. 240
Poems.....Carl Sandburg 241
Reviews of Books
Mr. Bergson's Theories: What Is Their Permanent Importance?....Dickinson S. Miller 242
Howards End.....R. H. 246

The Week

SECRETARY HUGHES may have clarified the problem of Yap in his note to the Powers made public on April 6th. But in so doing he has thrown a cloud of uncertainties over the position of the United States in relation to the general settlements growing out of the war. Yap and all the rest of the German colonies—so the argument runs—fell into the possession of the Allied and Associated Powers in consequence of their victory over Germany. The United States shared in that victory and so gained an undivided interest in all the colonies. In the Treaty of Versailles this condition was formally recognized by the cession of the colonies in question to the Allied and Associated Powers as a group. And at no subsequent time has the United States conveyed its part interest in the colonies to other Powers. It follows, therefore, that the interest of the United States remains alive, to be disposed of hereafter on terms that are mutually satisfactory to the Powers.

AMERICA is not in a position to claim rights conferred in the Treaty of Versailles, which she never ratified: accordingly she falls back on the prior state of victorious possession. Mr. Hughes would have made a more cogent case if he had produced precedents in international law for interests constituted by victorious possession without the sanction of a treaty. But granting that this is good law: where does it lead? Shall we question the distribution of the German navy, surrendered to the Allied and Associated Powers? Shall we reopen the indemnity question? For the claims to indemnity rest just as definitely upon the common victory. The Allies might be perfectly willing to yield every material privilege claimed by the United States in the Pacific Islands or other mandate territory. But they cannot accept the logic of Mr. Hughes, without risk of seriously undermining the Treaty of Versailles.

ACCORDING to the German foreign office the French have done very little to rehabilitate the devastated provinces. According to the French foreign office an enormous work of rehabilitation has been accomplished. Of the land wasted by war 95 per cent has been restored to good condition, and more than 80 per cent is under actual cultivation. Of all the factories destroyed 50 per cent have resumed operations in new or repaired plants. Ninety-nine and one-half per cent of the railroad mileage is now in use again. Eighty per cent of the works of art have been restored. All this at a cost of 35,000,000,000 paper francs advanced by the government, or, say, 2,500,000,000 dollars gold. It would look as if another $2,500,000,000 would finish the job. But no: French estimates call for 14,000,000,000 francs a year for ten years to do that. Unless those figures are exaggerated, the truth would seem to lie about half way between the French and the German foreign offices.

SENATOR LUSK has again introduced his famous bills into the New York Legislature. They are, it will be recalled, based on the assumption that socialism is a serious danger to the life of the republic, and that this danger can be met, not so much by curing the evils socialism seeks to remedy,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as by suppression and regulation. One bill proposes to amend the education act by forbidding any "person, firm, association or society" from conducting "any school, institute, class or course of instruction in any subjects whatever" without first securing a license from the University of the State of New York. The school must state its purpose, and if that purpose includes the teaching of the doctrine that "organized governments shall be overthrown by force, violence or unlawful means", the license will not be granted. We have already seen how broadly words like these can be interpreted, and it is evident that Senator Lusk has the Rand School and other "radical" schools in mind. Such a bill could be used to stifle almost any institution that tried to teach unorthodox economic or political ideas.

SENATOR LUSK'S other bill, though liberty of thought is also its target, is much more widely aimed. It would require every public school teacher in the state to secure a certificate showing him or her to be "loyal and obedient to the government of (New York) State or the United States." No certificate will be given to any teacher who has "advocated, either by word of mouth or in writing, a form of government other than the government of the United States or of this state. . . ." It ought not to be necessary to protest against the passage of such a piece of Prussianism. A measure that places in the hands of the government the power to deny employment to anyone whom some administration official may imagine to be disloyal or disobedient, should perish under the weight of its own absurdity. Unfortunately there will be many legislators who will seriously approve of having our children taught by persons of only the most highly sterilized political beliefs. The doctrine, born of our revolution, that government must be loyal and obedient to its citizens, and must change when they so desire, has now been exactly reversed. Senator Lusk believes, evidently, in the divine right of government; he believes that government can do no wrong and that, whatever it does, its subjects must honor and obey it.

WHEN some time ago a delegation representing the Chippewas, Sioux, Pawnees, Wyandottes, Cherokees and other Indian tribes asked Mr. Fall, as Secretary of the Interior, to appoint one of their race Commissioner of Indian Affairs, they might easily have felt that they had small reason to expect much generosity from Mr. Fall. For while United State Senator from New Mexico, they say, he showed himself worse than careless of their interests. Mr. Fall had a large ranch adjoining the Mescalero reservation in New Mexico. In 1916 he introduced a bill (S 3114) to dispossess the Mescaleros of this land without compensation, and make of it a National Park. Fortunately this never became law. But Mr. Fall did secure the passage of an amendment to the Indian Appropriation act of 1918 providing that "hereafter no Indian reservation shall be created, nor shall any additions be made to one heretofore created, within the limits of the States of New Mexico and Arizona, except by Act of Congress." This prevented the relief that Executive orders had granted to Indians, in the form of withdrawal of land from the public domain for their use, when they were hard hit by droughts. A later amendment extended this prohibition to the whole United States.

BUT by the appointment of Mr. Charles H. Burke of South Dakota as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Fall went a long way to redeem this record. His choice should give great satisfaction to the friends of the Indian. The greater part of his seven terms in Congress he was a useful and liberal member of the House Committee on Indian Affairs. In 1912 he made a vigorous fight on the floor of the house to protect the Oklahoma Indians from wholesale plundering in probate and other matters. Mr. Burke's appointment foreshadows a clean, safe administration of Indian affairs.

THE traction problem in New York City is perhaps one of the best illustrations of the baffling problems of modern communal life. The geographic condition of New York City and the tremendous human concentration in certain business and amusement sections raise problems of transportation that require the highest reaches of inventive social engineering and not merely financial and political considerations. One may, therefore, be reasonably sceptical as to whether Governor Miller's commission will carry us much further than Governor Hughes's commission. But the atrocious political brutality with which Governor Miller's bill was forced through, against the overwhelming majority of the city's representatives, showed such cynical disregard for the spirit of representative government, that one can be certain Governor Miller's commission will not be able to count on popular good will. The Republican upstate majority was swept into office on the tidal wave of opposition to the last Democratic national administration, and certainly had no mandate to deprive the people of New York City—a majority of the people of the state—of all control over their local traction problem.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMING on the eve of a municipal election in which the issue might have been fought out before the people, Governor Miller's act is really a measure of disenfranchisement; and Senator Lusk's letter to a Binghamton newspaper shows that the impatience of bond-holders received undue importance. When labor unions make contracts which turn out to their disadvantage they are solemnly reminded that the safety of civilization depends on the sanctity of contracts. But when a private corporation finds itself in a predicament the law is changed and our most conservative papers do not protest against a city's contract right (acquired by the expenditure of millions) being wiped out by legislation. Genuine conservatives have ground to feel worried at the example thus set to future legislatures.

NO one can say that capital and labor are at present walking arm in arm. But once upon a time they did, and here is Mr. Dooley's picture of that golden age:

> It was different whin I was a young man, Hinnissy. In thim days, Capital an Labor was frindly, or Labor was. Capital was like a father to Labor; givin' it its booard an' lodging's. Nayther intherfered with th' other. Capital wint on capitalizin' an' Labor wint on laborin'.
>
> In thim golden days a wurrukin' man was an honest artisan. That's what he was proud to be called. Th' week before iliction he had his pitcher in th' funny papers. He wore a square pa-aper cap an' a leather apron, an' he had his ar'rm around Capital—a rosy, binivolint ol' guy with a plug hat an' eyeglasses. They was goin' to th' polls together to vote f'r simple ol' Capital.
>
> Capital an' Labor walked ar'rm in ar'rm instead iv' havin' both hands free as at prisint. Capital was contint to be Capital, an' Labor was used to bein' Labor. Capital come ar-round an' felt th' ar'rm iv Labor wanst in awhile, an' ivery year Mrs. Capital called on Mrs. Labor an' congratulated her on her score.
>
> Th' pride iv ivry artisan was to wurruk as long at his task as th' boss cud afford to pay th' gas bill. In return f'r his fidelity he got a turkey ivry year.
>
> At Christmas time, Capital gathered his happy fam'ly ar-round him, an' in th' prisince iv th' ladies iv th' neighborhood, give thim a short oration. 'Me brave la-ads,' says he, 'we've had a good year. (Cheers.) I have made a millyon dollars. (Sinsation.) I attribute this to me supeeryor skill, aided by ye'er arnest efforts at th' bench an' at th' forge. (Sobs.) Ye have done so well that we won't need so many iv ye as we did. (Long an' continyous cheerin'.) Those iv us who can do two men's wur-rk will remain, an' if possible do four. Our other faithful sarvints,' he says, 'can come back in the spring,' he says, 'if alive,' he says.
>
> An th' bold artisans tossed their pa-aper caps in th' air an' give three cheers f'r Capital. They wur-ruked till ol' age crept on thim an' thin retired to live on th' wish bones an' kind wur-ruds they had accumylated.

A New Basis for Reparations

> This government believes that it recognizes in the memorandum of Dr. Simons a sincere desire on the part of the German government to reopen negotiations with the Allies on a new basis which will at the same time satisfy the just claims of the Allies and permit Germany hopefully to renew its productive activities.—Memorandum of Secretary Hughes.

OFFICIALLY the professional diplomats are all applauding this pronouncement of Secretary Hughes. It puts Germany in her place, say the Allied diplomats, and makes clear once for all that no wedge can be driven between America and the Allies. It exhibits a definite disapproval of the principles on which the Allies have proceeded in imposing reparations terms, say the Central European diplomats. So much for the official comment. If, however, we could penetrate to the private circles of professional diplomacy, where real opinions are expressed, what should we hear? Most likely, we should hear on every hand the bitterly scornful comment: "More shirt-sleeves diplomacy."

The memorandum is in fact a good example of shirt-sleeves diplomacy. Secretary Hughes says exactly what he means, in the most direct terms, and he assumes that everybody else does the same. He assumes that when the Germans say they want to make reparations, they really want to make them, and are not merely trying to repair their moral fences. He assumes that when the Allies demand reparations, that is what they want, and not the perpetuation of German economic anaemia. On these two assumptions the behavior of Lloyd George and Briand at the London Conference was illogical. The occupation of the Ruhr cities and the establishment of internal customs barriers to increase the economic demoralization of Germany, and thus inevitably to reduce her paying capacity, is on these assumptions absurd. Still more absurd are Premier Briand's threats of a more drastic application of the sanctions unless Germany makes payments by May 1st which every diplomat, whether of the shirt sleeves or of the frock coat variety, knows to be impossible. Through Mr. Hughes's note America has interfered with the Allied game, and also with the German game, which is a corollary of that of the Allies. It makes it more difficult for France to attain what the jingo Frenchman considers more precious than reparations, the continuing subjection of Germany. And it makes it more difficult for Germany to slip out from under the moral obligation of payment on the pretext that reparations is a blind for enslavement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whatever may be the technical defects of Secretary Hughes's shirt sleeves diplomacy, it has the great merit of reflecting the dominant sentiment of the American people. The vast majority of Americans believe that Germany was responsible for the war, and they will always believe that. It follows that they believe Germany ought to make good the damage she wrought, so far as that is possible. But Americans as a people are staunch believers in the virtues of economic progress, everywhere. No project of holding any country in permanent poverty appeals to them now; still less will it appeal to them when the Great War has receded into history. If France and England expect the moral and material support of the United States in any crisis that may arise hereafter—and who knows how the balance of European forces will stand twenty years from now—they will do well to take close account of the American attitude, as expressed by Secretary Hughes. Instead of occupying themselves with ramming mountains of figures down Germany's throat they will set to work to determine just what kinds of goods and services Germany can deliver, and where she can deliver them.

Undoubtedly cash payment on a gold basis would be the most convenient form in which reparations could be made. But it is now clear to all the world that Germany's capacity to pay in this form is narrowly limited. All that she can possibly pay is measured by her excess of exports over imports. That excess depends, however, not merely upon Germany's willingness and ability to produce, but upon the capacity of foreign markets to absorb Germany's products. If the Allied Powers insist on such an excess of exports, they may properly be expected to find the markets. They control practically the entire colonial area of the world, in Africa and Asia. German finance and German selling agencies were pretty thoroughly driven out of world trade during the war; therefore Allied finance and trade will have to restore the relations between the German producer and the foreign consumer. In Africa, in Asia, in Latin America there are vast natural resources which require for their development exactly the metallurgical and mechanical products that Germany could produce. The development of such resources would result in a permanent improvement in world trade and would ultimately stimulate the export industries of all nations. When the western boycott of Russia has been definitely abandoned another important outlet for German products will be attained. There appears to be no sound economic reason why the productive power of Germany should not be enlisted in the work of realizing the undeveloped, productive possibilities all over the world. Nor does there appear to be any sound reason why Germany should not thus procure an important surplus of exports which might serve as a basis for cash reparations. But nothing of the kind is possible without a serious effort on the part of the Allies to facilitate the import of raw materials into Germany and the marketing of German products. And if their own exporters are politically powerful enough to prevent the adoption of such a policy, the measure of cash reparations ought to be reduced accordingly.

Cash reparations, however, are merely a roundabout way of effecting the purposes of the peace settlement, which was the restoration of the productive power of the Allies impaired by the war. So far as material damages were concerned, justice would have been done if the Germans, employing their own labor and materials, had restored each mine, cleared each field, rebuilt each house or factory, replaced each ship and other material item destroyed by the war. It was not, however, practicable at first to exact reparation in this form, and by this time much of the work has been done by the Allied governments at their own expense. And yet that does not close the matter. Say that the French government has rebuilt a particular factory destroyed by the Germans; is that any reason why the Germans should not build another factory of equivalent productive value? With the acquisition of the iron ore of Lorraine, France has won the basis for a much more important metallurgical industry than could be handled by her pre-war equipment. Why should not German engineers and mechanics be set at work to erect groups of blast furnaces and rolling mills of the most efficient modern type, not in the devastated regions, necessarily, but wherever conditions of fuel supply and transportation offer the most favorable results? Much of the damage to the French coal mines has been made good by French labor at government expense. German labor could be employed at German expense to complete the work of rehabilitation, and in addition to open new mines, or to develop the French national resources in hydro-electric power. What is essential is that the French nation ought not to endure a permanent loss of productive power because its territory was the seat of war. It is immaterial whether or not the productive power replaced shall take identically the same form as the productive power destroyed.

American common sense and American shirt-sleeves diplomacy would approve any disposition of the reparations problem that was intended primarily to restore the prosperity and improve

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the industrial capacity of the Allies. It will not in the long run approve a policy whose object is primarily to obstruct the economic recovery of Germany or to impair her industrial capacity. Most Americans can see that there is room in the world for a prosperous Germany as well as a prosperous France; that in fact neither will prosper in the fullest degree without the other, nor the United States without both. And any reparations policy which is permanently to command the sympathy and support of America will have to rest on the new basis of the general prosperity of the nations.

How Liberalism Can Avoid Futility

When Liberalism speaks of the triumph of Briand over Lloyd George it condemns itself. If wickedness has conquered in the person of Briand, it was largely because we were not there to help on the right side. And when Liberalism now argues for an intensification of American aloofness it sinks only deeper into futility. The way to peace in Europe is not through America ranged against Great Britain and France, but through America throwing all her weight to the elements of moderation in both countries. They are there and only wait for our assistance.

THE preceding quotation comes from the final sentences of an article in the New York Evening Post, entitled Must Liberalism be Futile? It condemns the attitude of the New Republic towards the present war in Europe as "futile" and "destructive," because by advocating a policy of "aloofness" since the publication of the Treaty of Versailles, we did what we could to prevent the "elements of moderation" in France and Great Britain from winning a victory over the intransigents. We helped to deprive them of American support and, when deprived of American support, they could not effectively oppose their more violent and vindictive fellow countrymen.

There is some superficial force in this criticism. If Lloyd George, for instance, could have counted on the assistance of the American government in opposing a bill of reparations which, as he knew, was so large that Germany could not and would not pay, he might, it is possible, have been willing in such good company to break with France. We do not believe that he would, for to break with France would mean a revision of the Treaty of Versailles; and when that Treaty is revised, it will not be by Lloyd George. Still it is possible. But in so far as this criticism is valid, it is an extraordinary indictment for the Evening Post to draw up against the New Republic. For since the Paris Conference the Post has lined itself up, not with the "moderate elements" in France and England, but with the intransigents. The reparations bill as determined by the Paris Conference, it has insisted, was well within Germany's ability to pay. When the German people disagreed with this sentence and refused with substantial unanimity to promise the payment of more than they considered themselves able to pay, the Post condemned them to punishment, and it put up only a mild and negligible protest against the abominable policy of summarily using force to collect a doubtful debt. If the American government had ratified the Treaty of Versailles, the Evening Post, to judge by its present attitude, would not have invoked American influence and power to check the plans of those Frenchmen who are seeking or risking the ruin and dismemberment of Germany for the supposed profit of France. By endorsing a bill for reparations which the German people sincerely believe they cannot pay, it has voted to place in the hands of the French partizans of "Revanche" the weapon which they need to carry on their work of destruction.

Contrast the attitude of the Evening Post with that of either Republicans or liberals who, like the New Republic, were opposed to the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles. The Republican administration, instead of jumping to the conclusion that the reparations bill as prepared in Paris was reasonable, has clearly intimated that in its opinion the validity of the bill was dependent on its determination by a "fair and just process." It has advised the reopening of negotiations "on a new basis." It apparently intends to use its influence in favor of a modification of the Paris agreement rather than in favor of its affirmation and execution. In all probability it will in the end arbitrate some of the differences between the Allies and Germany. On the other hand, if the American government had ratified the Treaty of Versailles, the Republicans would feel the same difficuty in refusing to carry out its provisions that Lloyd George and the Evening Post feel. Ratification would and should have predisposed them in favor of execution.

American "aloofness" from the Treaty of Versailles is the salutary fact which may enable the American government to intervene in the present crisis as a disinterested and powerful third party. If this result takes place and the New Republic has contributed to it, even in a small way, we shall consider our attitude since the publication of the Treaty of Versailles sufficiently vindicated. So far from being "futile" it is proving to be precisely the reverse. America for all the "aloofness" of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harding administration is by way of resuming the function which she first assumed when she intervened in the European war. The general declaration of policy which the Republican Senators propose to affix to the Knox resolution and which promises American intervention against any clear and dangerous case of aggression in Europe, tends to make of the United States the balance-wheel of European politics. It is right and possible that she should serve as a balance-wheel. It is wrong and impossible that she should act as one member of an alliance occupied chiefly in exploiting its military victory.

But let us suppose that the American government, instead of tending to put its "aloofness" to some constructive use, had either remained a member of an Alliance of the victors or had assumed an attitude of utterly irresponsible isolation. Let us suppose that American "liberals" who opposed the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles could not point to any formative tendency in American foreign policy which was born of non-ratification yet which would protect them from the charge of having advocated a "futile" course. Would other liberals who have favored the ratification of the Treaty be justified in stigmatizing their course in opposing ratification as merely "futile" and "destructive?"

We deny that they would. A liberal may have many allegiances, but his primary allegiance is to his vision of the truth. In so far as he is a liberal he must affirm the existence of a truth about human nature and human society which, if men live by it, will set them free. The modern liberal usually conceives this liberating truth in a pragmatic manner. It is the kind of truth which must vindicate itself in practice. But his pragmatism does not justify him in renouncing a sincere and a mature opinion because it may have no immediate justification in works. Even though the conviction may be one whose availability can only be justified in the long run, it is not for that reason both futile and destructive.

Consider in this connection the position of a convinced liberal in Russia or in Germany before the war. Being a liberal he was bound to recognize the obstacles which the organization and outlook of the Russian and German governments offered to the liberation of human life both at home and abroad. Yet in spite of their utter illiberalism, they looked as stable and as necessary to political order as any other governments in the world, and a policy of irreconcilable opposition to them as menaces to human freedom would have looked destructive and futile. True; but how much more destructive and futile the policy of conniving at their power, which so many German and Russian liberals adopted, turned out to be. A liberalism which refused to work with these governments was not futile because it was destructive. It was futile because it was not destructive.

The English and American liberals who actually or symbolically signed the Treaty of Versailles adopted a course which, like that of the former national liberals in the German Empire, will sooner or later necessarily destroy the integrity of their liberal outlook. Many of them, such for instance as General Smuts, have claimed that in signing they were merely keeping alive an association which would enable them subsequently to work more effectively for revision. By putting forward this claim they deceived themselves. When they signed they accepted and sanctified the defeat of their own program, and they rendered themselves and their liberalism negligible in relation to the execution of the Treaty. For signature means endorsement. The signatory becomes an apologist for his own act and cannot prepare public opinion for subsequent revision. The signed contract serves as the basis of subsequent negotiation and joint action. The party who proposes to stick to the terms of the contract has all the presumptions in his favor. He has a right to ask from the other signatories some loyalty to the spirit and the letter of the agreement. He has a right, that is, as the result of signature to ask of liberals general acquiescence in conduct which condemns them to connive at inhumane and violent behaviour.

The fact that France has a right to ask of its co-signatories some measure of loyalty to the document they had endorsed explains the recent collapse in England and in this country of the opposition to the drift of French policy in the direction of sabotage. The reparations bill which the Paris Conference agreed to present to Germany and if necessary to force upon her was a moderate version of the indemnity which the victors were entitled to claim under the Treaty. Yet it was a bill which the German people unanimously believed themselves unable to pay and which, if paid, would work grave injury to both creditor and debtor. The German nation as a matter of self-respect was bound to refuse signature to a pledge which it believed itself unable to fulfill. It did refuse and by refusing exposed itself legally to severe penalties. The penalties meant a renewal of war in everything except actual bloodshed. They constituted a method of settling a controversy about money which is abhorrent to the spirit of liberalism. Yet those of them who had agreed to the signature of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Treaty were stopped from any but the most ineffectual of protests. As honorable men they could not uncompromisingly object to the imposition of penalties for the failure to execute an agreement which was born of the Treaty of Versailles and which they themselves had endorsed.

Liberals who get themselves into a false position of this kind are driven to protect themselves against its discomforts. The only sufficient protection they can find is to shut their eyes to certain aspects of the truth. Being obliged, for instance, either to support France in collecting money from an unwilling Germany by force or to connive it, they protect themselves by refusing to look facts in the face and to recognize the dangerous drift of French policy. They refuse in particular to admit that the imposition of a military execution on Germany for the refusal to pay an impossible debt is a perfectly logical and necessary corollary of the Treaty of Versailles. Certain clauses in that Treaty were written for the purpose if necessary of bringing about precisely this consummation. They were written to provide a legal pretext for the weakening of Germany until she shall cease under any circumstances to be a menace to the future safety of France. The spirit which promoted these provisions is the spirit which has dictated the execution of the Treaty. It is a spirit which if it has its way will assuredly force many millions of Germans either to starve or emigrate. It is a spirit which renders the formation of a League of Nations, based on mutual good faith and any recognized principles of international cooperation, an absurdity. It is a nihilistic, egotistic and incorrigible spirit which calls not for accomodation and compromise on the part of liberals but for resistance.

The difference between the Evening Post and the New Republic turns, consequently, on two fundamentally different conceptions of the Treaty of Versailles. The Post considers the Treaty, in spite of its admitted defects, a possible foundation for the peace of the world and for the future moral and social progress of the democratic liberal nations. The New Republic considers it, on the contrary, a morally and socially impossible document. It embodies a fabric of European public law which is radically unjust and self-destructive, which is the expression of irreconcilable antagonisms and fears, which will never be validated by the consent of the vanquished peoples and which demands a continued preponderance of force on the part of the victors as its necessary sanction. The obligation assumed by the European governments to carry out its provisions renders the foundations of European public order precarious. It associates international law in Europe with the intensification of existing sources of moral and social disorder. It calls not for minor amendment but for radical revision. American ratification of the Treaty would not have redeemed its blunders and sins, but it would have incriminated the American Republic in the attempt to carry them out. This attempt can only result in perpetuating the suffering, the animosities and the feuds which prevailed during the war. The American government can, and in our opinion will, by independent mediation prevent this disaster from taking place; but if it fails or if it does not try, American liberals can at least be thankful that their country has not expressly consented to the visitation on their fellow human beings of this new calamity.

At this moment there is no way of proving which of these two conflicting conceptions of the Treaty of Versailles is nearer the truth. It will be many years before the human intelligence will possess the facts which may permit a final decision of the controversy. But in the meantime the Evening Post begs the question in condemning liberal opposition to the Treaty as futile. A negative policy is not futile because it is negative any more than an affirmative policy is capable because it is affirmative. It all depends upon what you deny and what you affirm. By denying the Treaty of Versailles the New Republic is, as its editors think, affirming the truth of that principle of political conduct which America in her better moments has always cherished—the principle that government derives its just powers from consent. The Treaty of Versailles sets up in respect to the vanquished peoples an egregious violation of that principle. Its execution will confirm that denial and will necessarily erect force into the one sufficient sanction of international behavior. It will consequently, like other despotic and violent governments, eventually destroy itself. But if it destroys itself it is important that liberals should not allow their own principles to go down in the ruin. In so far as they support the Treaty, as in general they must if they favor ratification, they will suffer from the disrepute which will eventually attach to the perpetrators of that instrument. But if they oppose the Treaty and try to build up public opinion in favor of radical revision, they may accomplish by voluntary and enlightened effort a work of destruction which, if left to an automatic process, would be far more costly and far less promising for the future. It is of the essence of liberalism to substitute, as the New Republic is now trying to substitute, voluntary action determined by a true vision of human needs for the sinister inhumanity of the law of compensation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG,
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British Coal and Labor

IT is a singular fact that in the acres of press reports of the British coal strike now spread out before the American public it is impossible to find anything resembling a connected account of the claims and proposals of either side. In default of such an account the issue is made to appear as essentially a conflict between the mine workers, supported more or less whole-heartedly by other sections of organized labor, and the British nation. The miners, so it would seem from the available reports, intended not merely to subject the nation to the temporary inconvenience of a shortage of coal, but to the permanent impairment of the national productive power through the flooding of the mines. The employers, on the other hand, asked only that the pumping crews should remain at work. All other questions could then be discussed at leisure. Assuming this to be a fair reading of the two policies, there appeared to be no question as to where the public interest lay. Lloyd George declared that there was no question here. The action of the miners, he intimated, was revolutionary. And on this premise, that the existence of the present order of economic society is endangered, he has proceeded to what in international affairs would be described as a partial military mobilization. Men are being enlisted as for war, to defend the nation from the miners and their allies.

On one point there can be no dispute. Coal is absolutely essential to the survival of Britain as a great Power. Without a cheap and abundant supply of coal British industry can not compete with American industry today nor with continental industry tomorrow. Industrial decline would mean general impoverishment and the exodus of a large part of the population of the British Isles. It would mean the decay of shipping and the falling away of means by which the British navy may be maintained. The British Empire would eventually crumble. No other country is so completely depedent upon a single resource as Britain is upon her coal supply. It is natural, therefore, that any British government alive to its responsibilities ought to be extremely sensitive to any condition seriously affecting the coal industry. Lloyd George could not hold office a week if he washed his hands of the matter and left labor and capital to fight it out.

But it is a fair question whether the Lloyd George government is not sensitive to a menace to the coal industry originating on the side of labor and utterly insensitive to a menace originating on the side of capital. It is labor for the moment which has effected a complete stoppage of mining and which for a time threatened the permanent impairment of some of the mines through flooding—a danger whose gravity has certainly not been understated by the conservative press. But British industry will not be brought down by a mere stoppage of mining, even if it were to be continued through a half year or more. The real danger to British industry consists in the slow strangulation that permanently dear and scarce coal would entail. And whether Britain is to have dear coal or cheap depends upon the cost of mine labor—upon its efficiency and wages—but also upon the rate of profits demanded by the mining companies and upon their efficiency of organization. With the abandonment of control, the Lloyd George government entrusted the employing class with discretion over this national interest. He did this knowing very well that with the disappearance of the government subsidy the employers intended to raise prices and cut wages to such an extent as to insure the continuance of the generous scale of profits to which the mining companies had become accustomed through the period of control. The government reserved no power to make profits contingent upon improved efficiency. Everything was to be as it was before the war.

Now, it is admitted on all sides that the pre-war organization of the coal industry did not make for cheapness of production. Coal is worked by nearly 1500 companies, ranging from a high degree of efficiency to a very low degree. The superficies under which the collieries are worked is owned by some 4000 proprietors who have leased their mineral rights in hit or miss fashion, so that development of the seams has to take account of the barriers of private property as well as of geological conditions. Great masses of coal have to be abandoned forever to mark the boundaries between different land holdings. It is often impossible to secure rights of way that will bring the coal to the surface by the most economical route; it is impossible to install pumping stations so as to cope effectively with the water problem of a whole district. Many of the collieries are too small to command the capital requisite for the utilization of broken coal; a great proportion of them are worked with out-of-date machinery. As compared with the continuous waste inherent in this condition of chaos, the threatened loss from the flooding of mines over which Lloyd George has been so gravely exercised is a mere trifle. Lloyd George is not in the least concerned over the greater waste, because there is nothing revolutionary in it.

But, it will be said, the chief cause of increasing coal costs is the progressive deterioration of labor. In the period 1889-93 the annual output of coal was 282 tons per employee. There was a gradual decline to about 250 tons at the outbreak of the war, a recovery to 270 tons in 1915 and then a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

further decline to 223 tons in 1919. This decline may be accounted for, in part, by the fact that deeper and thinner seams are worked now. But it is no doubt partly due to the fact that the individual miners are not giving their best efforts. Why should they? Under unrestricted private operation the rate of mining wages can not be much above a bare living. Sliding scales and tonnage rates may be somewhat obscure, but they will not abrogate the principle that the standard of earnings will be set by the productivity of the poorer equipped mines working the poorer seams. The superior production of the better mines chiefly benefits the recipient of profits and royalties. If the efficiency of labor were increased in the better mines, those gains also would go mostly to profits and royalties. The leaders of the miners say that nothing but a reorganization of the whole industry can restore the efficiency of labor. They are probably right. The diversion of the fruits of labor to profits has become so obvious that the whole pressure of public sentiment among the miners is averse to whole hearted effort.

Coal can not be mined cheaply enough under the present system to insure the future of British industry unless the miners accept wages decidedly inferior in purchasing power to the pre-war level, and pre-war wages were shockingly inadequate. The miners are therefore forced to demand a new system. What they now appear to be moving toward—and what the representatives of property describe as worse than a subsidy—is a pooling of mining profits so that wages may be fixed at a level which the average mining company can afford, instead of at the level fixed by the weaker companies. That would mean in effect a subsidy paid by the stronger companies to the weaker. It would mean the conveying to labor of a part of the differential return—the unearned increment—due to superior natural advantages. If we regard unearned increment as property income par excellence, then the demand is indeed revolutionary. If we look upon coal mining as essentially a means of producing profits and royalties, we shall be dismayed by a demand like this. But has any British statesman a right to look upon coal mining in this light? The present intervention of the government in the dispute between miners and employers is based on the assumption that the mines are primarily a national interest. So they are, unquestionably.

A revolutionary policy of rule or ruin on the part of labor can not be tolerated by the British government. But neither should a traditional policy of rule and ruin on the part of the employers be tolerated. And so much must be said for the action of labor: The general public has stood idly by while the cost of coal mounted steadily toward the point where British industry would be gravely handicapped. Only when labor, more closely touched by the defects of the existing system, undertakes a vigorous assault upon that system, does the matter come before the public at all. If ever the British coal industry is to move forward to the adequate supply of the growing needs of the nation, it will be through a reorganization for which an initiative can be found only in labor.

The Fruits of Peonage

ON the testimony of a Negro a jury of Southern white men found John S. Williams of Jasper County, Georgia, guilty of the murder of one of the eleven Negroes brutally slain on his plantation. The event has excited a vast deal of favorable comment in the press, both North and South. We confess, we do not understand why it should. The South has its peculiar views of the privileges of the white race and the disabilities of the colored. But it is no part of the Southern theory of race relations that whites may with impunity murder their colored servants for profit or convenience.

But does the conviction of the murderer close the incident? No. The crime sprang out of a system which is very widely in use throughout the South, the system of forced labor. It does not matter whether the system of forced labor takes the lawful form of a court sentence suspended to permit a man to work off a fine or the unlawful one of peonage. It is impossible to force men to work without the use of terrorism. And terrorism may take the form of corporal punishment, with its sporadic but natural fruit, murder, or of punishment through public authorities subservient to the master class, with its sporadic but natural fruit, legal execution. There is not much ground for choice between Jasper County, Georgia, with its eleven victims of forced labor brutally murdered and Phillips County, Arkansas, with its twelve victims of the same system under death sentence and sixty-seven sentenced to prison terms. Every decent man, South or North, regards with horror the murdering of men in the enforcement of discipline—or to cover up abuses of discipline—and the wholesale sentencing to death and imprisonment of men on charges compromised with the crop lien system. But not every decent man, by any means, condemns the system of forced labor out of which such horrors inevitably spring.

Forced labor, except in punishment for offenses and under public supervision, has to be got rid of if our national record is not to be spotted by crimes of a degree of atrocity unknown in other civilized countries. No great progress, however, will be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made toward the abolition of forced labor by unofficial pronouncements against the system, or even by the enactment of laws forbidding it. Forced labor is tolerated today because it is generally conceived, in many parts of the country, that its only alternative would be an idleness far more demoralizing than the sporadic abuses of compulsion. In the South it is widely believed that a large part of the Negro population will not work steadily without the application of some kind of compulsion. And men who do not work steadily whatever their race are regarded by sober citizens as a menace. The menace is much more keenly felt when the problem is complicated by a race issue. Hence the popular approval of a scheme of wages payment which never leaves the Negro worker means enough to maintain himself in idleness, of a scheme of tenancy which keeps him perpetually chained up with debt, and of an administration of the vagrancy laws which makes it hazardous for a Negro workman to remain long outside of the protection of an employer. The average citizen approves the result, a Negro population held pretty steadily to regular employment, and does not waste much thought on the means. Nor does he inquire minutely into the material advantages that flow to the employers and traders and large landholders from a system which reproduces the conditions of mediaeval serfdom. At least he does not inquire except when some incidental atrocity strikes his attention, and even then he is most likely to be drawn off the track by the search for personal guilt.

The system of forced labor is essentially a continuation of the system of slavery. Neither war nor constitutional amendments abolished the essentials of slavery. Those essentials will not be abolished merely by enacting a new law, nor by more rigidly enforcing existing laws. Nothing will change the situation except the substitution of the incentives of free labor for the compulsion that goes with labor that is unfree.

The system of forced labor is essentially a continuation of the system of slavery. Neither war nor constitutional amendments abolished the essentials of slavery. Those essentials will not be abolished merely by enacting a new law, nor by more rigidly enforcing existing laws. Nothing will change the situation except the substitution of the incentives of free labor for the compulsion that goes with labor that is unfree.

Where the conditions of life have been reasonably fair the Negro has shown himself quite capable of responding to the incentives of free labor. His progress in the accumulation of property has been notable, in spite of the fact that almost everywhere, South or North, he has found the dice loaded against him. He has also made notable progress in the trades and the professions, in spite of every disability. But the Negroes as a race can not be expected to exhibit the economic stability of other classes until they are freed from the operation of special disabilities in the economic field.

It may appear at first sight that the plantation owner or merchant who maintains a paternal relation to his hands or customers, taking care that they never actually want, but exerting steady pressure on them to keep them at work, has no part in the atrocities that are committed in the course of the exploitation of the Negro. He has indeed, no direct part. But the more smoothly he manages his Negro dependents, the more successfully he combats every tendency towards independence and the development of incentives that will keep the Negro industrious though free. The more genuine his benevolence, the more plausible is it made to seem that the Negro race will fare best under a condition of permanent dependence. Dependence, however, means peonage; and peonage produces sporadically, but not rarely, such outrages as that of Jasper County.

It is asserted by men of Southern origin that the Negro's best friends are the Southern white men. Sentimentally that is certainly true. Whether they are good friends in any other than a sentimental sense can be put to a simple test. Are they willing to see the Negroes make progress toward genuine economic independence? Will they see that he is not overcharged on his supplies, taxed exorbitant rates of interest, that property he acquires is as secure in his hands as any property under the law? In so far as they do these things, they are working toward a state in which such an institution as a "murder plantation" will be unthinkable.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY ALVIN JOHNSON
FRANCIS HACKETT WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lord Melbourne and Queen Victoria

[This is the fourth of a series of eleven articles, taken from Lytton Strachey's Life of Queen Victoria, which are now appearing in The New Republic.]

WILLIAM LAMB, Viscount Melbourne, was fifty-eight years of age, and had been for the last three years Prime Minister of England. In every outward respect he was one of the most fortunate of mankind. He had been born into the midst of riches, brilliance, and power. His mother, fascinating and intelligent, had been a great Whig hostess, and he had been bred up as a member of that radiant society which, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, concentrated within itself the ultimate perfections of a hundred years of triumphant aristocracy. Nature had given him beauty and brains; the unexpected death of an elder brother brought him wealth, a peerage, and the possibility of high advancement. Within that charmed circle, whatever one's personal disabilities, it was difficult to fail; and to him, with all his advantages, success was well-nigh unavoidable. With little effort, he attained political eminence. On the triumph of the Whigs he became one of the leading members of the government; and when Lord Grey retired from the premiership he quietly stepped into the vacant place. Nor was it only in the visible signs of fortune that Fate had been kind to him. Bound to succeed, and to succeed easily, he was gifted with so fine a nature that his success became him. His mind, at once supple and copious, his temperament, at once calm and sensitive, enabled him not merely to work but to live with perfect facility and with the grace of strength. In society, he was a notable talker, a captivating companion, a charming man. If one looked deeper, one saw at once that he was not ordinary, that the piquancies of his conversation and his manner—his free and easy vaguenesses, his abrupt questions, his lollings and loungings, his innumerable oaths—were something more than an amusing ornament, were the outward manifestations of an individuality that was fundamental.

The precise nature of this individuality was very difficult to gauge: it was dubious, complex, perhaps self-contradictory. Certainly there was an ironical discordance between the inner history of the man and his apparent fortunes. He owed all he had to his birth, and his birth was shameful; it was known well enough that his mother had passionately loved Lord Egremont, and that Lord Melbourne was not his father. His marriage, which had seemed to be the crown of his youthful ardors, was a long, miserable, desperate failure: the incredible Lady Caroline:

> . . . With pleasures too refined to please,
> With too much spirit to be e'er at ease,
> With too much quickness to be ever taught,
> With too much thinking to have common thought,

was very nearly the destruction of his life. When at last he emerged from the anguish and confusion of her folly, her extravagance, her rage, her despair, and her devotion, he was left alone with endless memories of intermingled farce and tragedy, and an only son, who was an imbecile. But there was something else that he owed to Lady Caroline. While she whirled with Byron in a hectic frenzy of love and fashion, he had stayed *at home in an indulgence bordering on cynicism*, and occupied his solitude with reading. It was thus that he had acquired those habits of study, that love of learning, and that wide and accurate knowledge of ancient and modern literature, which formed so unexpected a part of his mental equipment. His passion for reading never deserted him; even when he was Prime Minister, he found time to master every new important book. With an incongruousness that was characteristic, his favorite study was theology. An accomplished classical scholar, he was deeply read in the Fathers of the Church; heavy volumes of commentary and exegesis he examined with scrupulous diligence; and at any odd moment he might be found turning over the pages of the Bible.* To the ladies whom he most liked he would lend some learned work on the Revelation, crammed with marginal notes in his own hand, or Dr. Lardner's Observations upon the Jewish Errors with respect to the Conversion of Mary Magdalene. The more pious among them had high hopes that these studies would lead him into the right way; but of this there were no symptoms in his after-dinner conversation.

Copyright 1921, Harcourt, Brace and Co., Inc.

* Haydon, III. 12—"March 1st, 1835. Called on Lord Melbourne, and found him reading the Acts, with a quarto Greek Testament that belonged to Samuel Johnson."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The paradox of his political career was no less curious. By temperament an aristocrat, by conviction a conservative, he came to power as the leader of the popular party, the party of change. He had profoundly disliked the Reform bill, which he had only accepted at last as a necessary evil; and the Reform bill lay at the root of the very existence, of the very meaning, of his government. He was far too sceptical to believe in progress of any kind. Things were best as they were—or rather, they were least bad. "You'd better try to do no good," was one of his dictums, "and then you'll get into no scrapes." Education at best was futile; education of the poor was positively dangerous. The factory children? "Oh, if you'd only have the goodness to leave them alone!" Free Trade was a delusion; the ballot was nonsense; and there was no such a thing as a democracy. Nevertheless he was not a reactionary; he was simply an opportunist. The whole duty of government, he said, was "to prevent crime and to preserve contracts." All one could really hope to do was to carry on. He himself carried on in a remarkable manner—with perpetual compromises, with fluctuations and contradictions, with every kind of weakness, and yet with shrewdness, with gentleness, even with conscientiousness, and a light and airy mastery of men and of events. He conducted the transactions of business with extraordinary nonchalance. Important persons, ushered up for some grave interview, found him in a towselled bed, littered with books and papers, or vaguely shaving in a dressing-room; but, when they went downstairs again, they would realize that somehow or other they had been pumped. When he had to receive a deputation, he could hardly ever do so with becoming gravity. The worthy delegates of the tallow-chandlers or the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, were distressed and mortified when, in the midst of their speeches, the Prime Minister became absorbed in blowing a feather, or suddenly cracked an unseemly joke. How could they have guessed that he had spent the night before diligently getting up the details of their case? He hated patronage, and the making of appointments—a feeling rare in Ministers. "As for the Bishops," he burst out, "I positively believe they die to vex me." But, when at last the appointment was made, it was made with keen discrimination. His colleagues observed another symptom—Was it of his irresponsibility or his wisdom? He went to sleep in the Cabinet.

Probably, if he had been born a little earlier, he would have been a simpler and a happier man. As it was, he was a child of the eighteenth century whose lot was cast in a new, difficult, unsympathetic age. He was an autumn rose. With all his gracious amenity, his humor, his happy-go-lucky ways, a deep disquietude possessed him. A sentimental cynic, a sceptical believer, he was restless and melancholy at heart. Above all, he could never harden himself; those sensitive petals shivered in every wind. Whatever else he might be, one thing was certain: Lord Melbourne was always human, supremely human—too human, perhaps.

And now, with old age upon him, his life took a sudden, new extraordinary turn. He became, in the twinkling of an eye, the intimate adviser and the daily companion of a young girl who had stepped all at once from a nursery to a throne. His relations with women had been like everything else about him, ambiguous. Nobody had ever been able quite to gauge the shifting emotional complexities of his married life; Lady Caroline vanished; but his peculiar susceptibilities remained. Female society of some kind or other was necessary to him, and he did not stint himself; a great part of every day was invariably spent in it. The feminine element in him made it easy, made it natural and inevitable for him to be the friend of a great many women; but the masculine element in him was strong as well. In such circumstances it is also easy, it is even natural, perhaps it is even inevitable, to be something more than a friend. There were rumors and combustions. Lord Melbourne was twice a co-respondent in a divorce action; but on each occasion he won his suit. The lovely Lady Brandon, the unhappy and brilliant Mrs. Norton . . . . the law exonerated them both. Beyond that hung an impenetrable veil. But at any rate it was clear that, with such a record, the Prime Minister's position in Buckingham Palace must be a highly delicate one. However, he was used to delicacies, and he met the situation with consummate success. His behavior was from the first moment impeccable. His manner towards the young Queen mingled, with perfect facility, the watchfulness and the respect of a statesman and a courtier with the tender solicitude of a parent. He was at once reverential and affectionate, at once the servant and the guide. At the same time the habits of his life underwent a surprising change. His comfortable unpunctual days became subject to the unaltering routine of a palace; no longer did he sprawl on sofas; not a single damn escaped his lips. The man of the world who had been the friend of Byron and the Regent, the talker whose paradoxes had held Holland House enthralled, the cynic whose ribaldries had enlivened so many deep potations, the lover, whose soft words had captivated such beauty and such passion and such wit, might now be seen, evening after evening, talking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with infinite politeness to a schoolgirl, bolt upright, amid the silence and the rigidity of court etiquette.

On her side Victoria was instantaneously fascinated by Lord Melbourne. The good report of Stockmar had no doubt prepared the way; Lehzen was wisely propitiated; and the first highly favorable impression was never afterwards belied. She found him perfect; and perfect in her sight he remained. Her absolute and unconcealed adoration was very natural; what innocent young creature could have resisted, in any circumstances, the charm and the devotion of such a man? But, in her situation, there was a special influence which gave a peculiar glow to all she felt. After years of emptiness and dullness and suppression, she had come suddenly, in the heyday of youth, into freedom and power. She was mistress of herself, of great domains and palaces; she was Queen of England. Responsibilities and difficulties she might have, no doubt, and in heavy measure; but one feeling dominated and absorbed all others—the feeling of joy. Everything pleased her. She was in high spirits from morning till night. Mr. Creevey, grown old now, and very near his end, catching a glimpse of her at Brighton, was much amused, in his sharp fashion, by the ingenuous gaiety of "little Vic."—"A more homely little being you never beheld, *when she is at her ease,* and she is evidently dying to be always more so. She laughs in real earnest, opening her mouth as wide as it can go, showing not very pretty gums . . . She eats quite as heartily as she laughs, I think I may say she gobbles . . . She blushes and laughs every instant in so natural a way as to disarm anybody." But it was not merely when she was laughing or gobbling that she enjoyed herself; the performance of her official duties gave her intense satisfaction. "I really have immensely to do," she wrote in her journal a few days after her accession; "I receive so many communications from my Ministers but I like it very much." And again, a week later, "I repeat what I said before that I have *so many* communications from the Ministers and from me to them, and I get so many papers to sign every day, that I have always a *very great* deal to do. I *delight* in this work." Through the girl's immaturity the vigorous predestined tastes of the woman were pushing themselves into existence with eager velocity, with delicious force.

One detail of her happy situation deserves particular mention. Apart from the splendor of her social position and the momentousness of her political one, she was a person of great wealth. As soon as Parliament met, an annuity of £385,000 was settled upon her. When the expenses of her household had been discharged she was left with £68,000 a year of her own. She enjoyed besides the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster which amounted annually to over £27,000. The first use to which she put her money was characteristic: she paid off her father's debts. In money matters, no less than in other matters, she was determined to be correct. She had the instincts of a man of business; and she could never have borne to be on anything but a sound financial basis.

With youth and happiness gilding every hour, the days passed merrily enough. And each day hinged upon Lord Melbourne. Her diary shows us, with undiminished clarity, the life of the young sovereign during the early months of her reign—a life satisfactorily regular, full of delightful business, a life of simple pleasures, mostly physical—riding, eating, dancing—a quick, easy, highly unsophisticated life, sufficient unto itself. The light of the morning is upon it; and, in the rosy radiance, the figure of "Lord M." emerges, glorified and supreme. If she is the heroine of the story, he is the hero; but indeed they are more than hero and heroine, for there are no other characters at all. Lehzen, the Baron,* Uncle Leopold are unsubstantial shadows—the incidental supers of the piece. Her paradise was peopled by two persons, and surely that was enough. One sees them together still, a curious couple, strangely united in those artless pages, under the magical illumination of that dawn of eighty years ago: the polished high fine gentleman with the whitening hair and whiskers and the thick dark eyebrows and the mobile lips and the big expressive eyes; and beside him the tiny Queen—fair, slim, elegant, active, in her plain girl's dress and little tippet, looking up at him earnestly, adoringly, with eyes blue and projecting, and half-open mouth. So they appear upon every page of the Journal; upon every page Lord M. is present, Lord M. is speaking, Lord M. is being amusing, instructive, delightful, and affectionate at once, while Victoria drinks in the honied words, laughs till she shows her gums, tries hard to remember, and runs off, as soon as she is left alone, to put it all down. Their long conversation touched upon a multitude of topics. Lord M. would criticize books, throw out a remark or two on the British constitution, make some passing reflections on human life, and tell story after story of the great people of the eighteenth century. Then there would be business—a despatch perhaps from Lord Durham in Canada, which Lord M. would read. But first he must explain a little. "He said that I must know that Canada originally belonged

* Stockmar, who had been given a German barony.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the French, and was only ceded to the English in 1760, when it was taken in an expedition under Wolfe; 'a very daring enterprise,' he said. Canada was then entirely French, and the British only came afterwards. . . . Lord M. explained this very clearly (and much better than I have done) and said a good deal more about it. He then read me Durham's despatch, which is a very long one and took him more than ½ an hour to read. Lord M. read it beautifully with that fine soft voice of his, and with so much expression, so that it is needless to say I was much interested by it." And then the talk would take a more personal turn. Lord M. would describe his boyhood, and she would learn that "he wore his hair long, as all boys then did, till he was 17; (*how* handsome he must have looked)." Or she would find out about his queer tastes and habits—how he never carried a watch, which seemed quite extraordinary. " 'I always ask the servant what o'clock it is, and then he tells me what he likes,' said Lord M." Or, as the rooks wheeled about round the trees, "in a manner which indicated rain," he would say that he could sit looking at them for an hour, and "was quite surprised at my disliking them . . . . Lord M. said, 'The rooks are my delight.' "

The day's routine, whether in London or at Windsor, was almost invariable. The morning was devoted to business and Lord M. In the afternoon the whole court went out riding. The Queen, in her velvet riding-habit and a top-hat with a veil draped about the brim, headed the cavalcade; and Lord Melbourne rode beside her. The lively troupe went fast and far, to the extreme exhilaration of Her Majesty. Back in the palace again, there was still time for a little more fun before dinner—a game of battledore and shuttlecock perhaps, or a romp along the galleries with some children. Dinner came, and the ceremonial decidedly tightened. The gentleman of highest rank sat on the right hand of the Queen; on her left—it soon became an established rule—sat Lord Melbourne. After the ladies had left the dining-room, the gentlemen were not permitted to remain behind for very long; indeed, the short time allowed them for their wine-drinking formed the subject—so it was rumored—of one of the very few disputes between the Queen and her Prime Minister*; but her determination carried the day, and from that moment after-dinner drunkenness began to go out of fashion. When the company was re-assembled in the drawing-room the etiquette was stiff. For a few moments the Queen spoke in turn to each of her guests; and during these short uneasy colloquies the aridity of royalty was apt to become painfully evident. One night Mr. Greville, the Clerk of the Privy Council, was present; his turn soon came; the middle-aged, hard-faced viveur was addressed by his young hostess. "Have you been riding today, Mr. Greville?" asked the Queen. "No Madam, I have not," replied Mr. Greville. "It was a fine day," continued the Queen. "Yes, Madam, a very fine day," said Mr. Greville. "It was rather cold, though," said the Queen. "It *was* rather cold, Madam," said Mr. Greville. "Your sister, Lady Frances Egerton, rides I think, doesn't she?" said the Queen. "She does ride sometimes, Madam," said Mr. Greville. There was a pause, after which Mr. Greville ventured to take the lead, though he did not venture to change the subject. "Has your Majesty been riding today?" asked Mr. Greville. "O yes, a very long ride," answered the Queen with animation. "Has your Majesty got a nice horse?" said Mr. Greville. "O, a very nice horse," said the Queen. It was over. Her Majesty gave a smile and an inclination of the head, Mr. Greville a profound bow, and the next conversation began with the next gentleman. When all the guests had been disposed of, the Duchess of Kent sat down to her whist, while everybody else was ranged about the round table. Lord Melbourne sat beside the Queen, and talked pertinaciously—very often àpropos to the contents of one of the large albums of engravings with which the round table was covered—until it was half-past eleven and time to go to bed.

Occasionally, there were little diversions: the evening might be spent at the opera or at the play. Next morning the royal critic was careful to note down her impressions. "It was Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet, and we came in at the beginning of it. Mr. Charles Kean (son of old Kean) acted the part of Hamlet and I must say beautifully. His conception of this very difficult and I may almost say incomprehensible character, is admirable; his delivery of all the fine long speeches quite beautiful; he is excessively graceful and all his actions and attitudes are good, though not at all good-looking in face. . . . I came away just as Hamlet was over." Later on, she went to see Macready in King Lear. The story was new to her; she knew nothing about it, and at first she took very little interest in what was passing on the stage; she preferred to chatter and laugh with the

* The Duke of Bedford told Greville he was "sure there was a battle between her and Melbourne . . . He is sure there was one about the men's sitting after dinner, for he heard her say to him rather angrily 'it is a horrid custom' —but when the ladies left the room (he dined there) directions were given that the men should remain *five minutes* longer." Greville Memoirs, Feb. 28, 1840. (Unpublished.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lord Chamberlain. But, as the play went on, her mood changed; her attention was fixed, and then she laughed no more. Yet she was puzzled; it seemed a strange, a horrible business. What did Lord M. think? Lord M. thought it was a very fine play, but to be sure, "a rough coarse play, written for those times, with exaggerated characters." "I'm glad you've seen it," he added. But, undoubtedly, the evenings which she enjoyed most were those on which there was dancing. She was always ready enough to seize any excuse—the arrival of cousins—a birthday—a gathering of young people—to give the command for that. Then, when the band played and the figures of the dancers swayed to the music, and she felt her own figure swaying too, with youthful spirits so close on every side,—then her happiness reached its height, her eyes sparkled, she must go on and on into the small hours of the morning. For a moment Lord M. himself was forgotten.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

(*To be continued*)

Mr. Harding's News Service

PRESIDENT HARDING has not yet discovered, I suspect, since he came into the White House, that the most important commodity or service for him to have is a constant and continuous supply of fresh, uncolored, authentic news. Yet deprived of it he cannot move confidently in any direction.

It is an ascertained and proved fact that precious few men can carry a plain tale straightly. It requires experience and training, a certain inherent lust and fervor for truth, and not only clearness, but a stiff integrity of mind. These are not commonplace attributes and qualities. On the contrary, anyone who has had any experience in handling the news knows they are extremely rare.

Because Mr. Harding has been a newspaper man I can fittingly compare him at this stage of his progress to a greatly magnified managing editor facing as troublous, turgid, perplexing and clouded a news situation as has confronted any President since Lincoln. What is the news at home and abroad?

Presidents hear plenty of news. They have many sources of information, sometimes too many. Their difficulty is not with the quantity of supply, but its quality. They are the greatest victims of propaganda and evasions, unless they are extraordinarily careful and alert and discriminating. Men who have access to Presidents and who dare tell them the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth become notable figures at Washington. Mr. Harding must beware of colored and biassed news, informants with axes to grind, or with prejudiced and cloudy minds.

From time to time you may have seen in some alert and enterprising newspaper the scene of a wreck, or a robbery or some other incident of the day's news susceptible to graphic treatment, "drawn from telegraphic description." It is a most uncertain and hazardous method of portraiture. Too much of the news that comes to a President is like that. It is disjointed and fragmentary and has to be pieced together. The sources are not always above reproach.

How does the President of the United States get the news? How does he manage to find out and hear what is going on in the world? Who brings him the "inside story," the realistic, intimate, straight account of events and basic popular opinion that directly affect policy at home and abroad? He lives in the White House, hedged by dignity, and necessarily protected from intrusions on his time and his work. Yet he must know better and earlier than most what the world is doing and thinking and planning. The White House must have a news service as comprehensive as the range of our national interests, and absolutely trustworthy. Every President faces the need of it from the day he is elected.

Mr. Harding I suspect of having been a newspaper publisher rather than a newspaper editor—two entirely distinct species. He is not much of a newspaper reader. This was noted of him at Marion during the campaign when his habits and qualities first became a matter of public concern and interest. He does not seem to have the eager, acquisitive, reaching-out mind that lusts for news.

Here at Washington, so far as one can discover before Mr. Harding's daily walk has become a familiar and known routine, he gives a few minutes after breakfast to a cigarette and a brief reading of Mr. McLean's local morning newspaper. Then he comes over to the executive offices where he presently finds upon his desk some of the New York and other eastern newspapers. Doubt whether the President reads them is based upon the ease and the regularity with which these jour-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nals are "borrowed" by some of the secretarial entourage almost as soon as they come in. They would hardly be taken away from Mr. Harding's desk so promptly if he wanted them. It must be said that as the President arranges his mornings these days he does not allow any time for newspaper reading. No arrangement has been made yet, I believe, for any summary or précis of the daily papers to be prepared for Mr. Harding. This was done for Mr. Wilson.

This apparent aloofness from more than a passive interest in the current daily record of events, this static and incurious attitude is a singular and exceptional and interesting trait in a politician. Most of them are eager and inveterate and insatiate newspaper readers. But Mr. Harding seems to be as cool toward them as Mr. Taft was to the home or domestic life of she-wolves. Mr. Roosevelt was always trying to interest Mr. Taft in the birds and beasts of the fields. I remember one day when Mr. Taft made plaintive protest. It was in Mr. Roosevelt's office. "I don't want you to send me any more such books as you sent me the other day. I read it because you asked me to and it took me nearly all night. What do I care about dog-wolves, and whether they help she-wolves in procuring food for their young? I don't think I ever saw a wolf, and, certainly, I am not interested in their domestic affairs."

It would seem that Mr. Harding, unlike Mr. Roosevelt and like Mr. Taft, has not an eager searching, curious, restless mind that, in the New England phrase "wants to know." He will have to acquire it, or have somebody about him who has it, for he cannot get along without a news service.

Mr. Roosevelt had an extraordinary news service. He always knew what was going on at home and abroad. He received a great variety and an unheard of number of persons at the White House, questioned them, remembered what they said, sifted the content, checked one against the other until he had a clear, trustworthy picture. When it was quickly learned that he was receptive to news and news informants, people came to him in shoals.

Virtually everybody likes to spread the news, and to be able to tell the President something he doesn't know is a lure I have never seen anybody able to resist. These personal tale-bearers to Mr. Roosevelt were supplemented by his staggering array of correspondents not only at home but abroad. His letters published since his death have exhibited the variety and number of his contacts. I doubt whether any President ever had so good a news service. Mr. Roosevelt knew its value, too, and used it to the utmost.

Mr. Taft, on the other hand, had an inadequate, and, I suspect in many particulars, an untrustworthy private news service. He paid the penalty for it.

About Mr. Wilson's news service there has always been in Washington the greatest diversity of opinion. Nobody seemed to know where and how and from whom he got his news. It was always a lively topic of discussion and argument. Until the early autumn of 1918, at least, he always seemed to know a little better and a little sooner than anybody else what the country was thinking, what was going on down close to the grass roots. But where he got his news while the dew of freshness was still on it nobody could tell, though there were many surmises.

Colonel House was always assumed to be the chief source of his foreign news. If he had other news channels abroad they were successfully kept under cover. But in the end Mr. Wilson's news service, both at home and abroad, broke down completely. That accounted for many things.

It is too early to be certain about such things, but if I had to make a guess, I should venture to say with some confidence that Mr. Harding's chief informants or news sources on domestic affairs at this time are his old friend Crissinger, from Marion, now Comptroller of the Currency; Secretary Fall, of the Interior Department; Senator Cummins, of Iowa, and perhaps Harry Daugherty, the Attorney General. There may be others, but I suspect that those I have named are "closer" than, for example, the familiar golfing trio, Senators Hale, Elkins and Frelinghuysen, whose names are printed so frequently in connection with the President's. This is only a surmise but it has a basis of information for belief.

One of the chief persons to whom Mr. Harding is indebted for news from Europe is Senator Medill McCormick, of Illinois. He was a newspaper man and a reporter before he was a Senator. He knows news and how to get it and sift it. He knows Europe and the chief figures who, at this juncture, manage its affairs. He speaks French; that may seem a trival detail, but it is not.

After Mr. Harding was elected, Senator McCormick went abroad and visited England, France, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Poland, Germany, Italy, and Belgium. He saw and talked with most of the men who really matter in those countries. Then he came home and told Mr. Harding what he had heard and seen.

Now that M. Viviani has come to these shores

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to tell the President about France and the European condition, Mr. McCormick's budget of news and views has proved most useful. It gave Mr. Harding a background against which to place and contrast what Viviani told him.

Everybody who comes to the President to favor or oppose any proposal of national concern is naturally prejudiced and has taken sides. Mr. Harding must find disinterested, competent men of absolute integrity of mind who will tell him the facts and the truth. He will go forward or blunder as he succeeds or fails in establishing such a private news service. For he, more than any of us, must have the news.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

The Advent of Mr. Austen Chamberlain

A CHANGE of atmosphere in politics, as in war, can be sensed before the events of which it is a sign. Morally, the strategical situation in Europe was transformed long before the American armies began to land and the troops who came exerted a much greater moral effect than their mere numbers justified. Here in the political field in England the sensitive mind detects already the moral change wrought by the disappearance of Mr. Bonar Law and the emergence of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, chosen at the Carlton Club to be leader of the Unionist party in the House of Commons. The faithful followers of the Coalition declare there is no change, for if there be a change it is certainly the Coalition that will suffer, and they are like the Germans who would not admit that the arrival of the United States in the war meant any change in fortune, since it could mean no change but what must injure them.

On the surface the substitution of Mr. Chamberlain for Mr. Law should mean no difference to the fortunes of the Coalition and his chief. Mr. Chamberlain, in accepting his new post, accepted also the Coalition; he spoke gravely of the unwisdom of thinking too much of party and too little of the state, and he appealed for the "broader view" in the very vein of Mr. George himself when he addresses Liberals. Mr. Chamberlain, then, is a Coalitionist like Mr. Law and he resembles him in some important personal qualities. Mr. Law was an honest and straightforward man and so is Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain has a reputation for staunchness and loyalty, just as had Mr. Law. If Mr. Law has consented to trim his coalition sails, to surrender a little of his principles now here and now there in the give-and-take which makes up Coalition politics, Mr. Chamberlain has at all events followed his leader without any gesture of protest or rebellion that met the public eye. But then ex hypothesi Mr. Chamberlain is a very loyal man. And it is strange, but though the Daily Chronicle and other tame Coalitionists are proving to demonstration that the situation is not changed, everyone is aware of a deep and general conviction that it is changed, and profoundly changed, and that the Coalition and above all Mr. Lloyd George are the sufferers of the change.

The qualities most indispensable to coalitions are pliability among the leaders and obedience among the rank and file. Mr. Law and Mr. George have worked admirably well together. Mr. Law's is a gentle, amiable character, apt to be worked on by the suppleness and personal charm of our Prime Minister. Mr. Law was not clever but he was adaptable. Mr. Chamberlain is not clever either —everyone is agreed about that—but he is not, on all present showing, supple, pliable or adaptable. He is, by comparison with Mr. Law, angular and unbending. It is difficult to conceive of his "doing a trade" with Mr. George in the way that Mr. Law has done. Mr. Law has pitched Unionism overboard and consented to a Parliament for southern Ireland, while stipulating for separate Home Rule for Ulster; he insisted in 1919-20 on an anti-dumping and key-industries bill being brought into the House of Commons and then leaves it, to be quietly thrust away, Spurlos versenkt, because the Coalition Liberals would not have it.

As a follower Mr. Chamberlain accepted these traffickings with principle from his leader, Mr.Law, for he has a high sense of discipline and party loyalty. It does not follow that as a leader he will traffic equally himself. Almost every one believes that in practice he will prove himself much harder metal, and that the day of easy bargaining is gone. That is the reason why the Morning Post, which has long been girding against Mr. Law, is very well satisfied with his successor. The Morning Post wanted the full Conservative policy—protection, the complete ostracism of Russia, and the iron hand wherever an opening can be found for iron hands, as in Ireland, India, Egypt, Germany. Most of the Unionists are probably at heart in favor of this policy, but they have given way to the belief that only by Coalition with its makeshifts and compromises can Labor be kept out of office. Some of them, however, like the Morning Post, believe that the Unionist party can now stand on its own legs and hold the field against the warring factions of a broken Liberalism and against Labor,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is undivided but timorous, unintelligent and badly led. These scent hopefully the prospects of a future under an uncompromising Mr. Chamberlain. Either, they say, he will bring the Coalition to an end, or at the very least he will insist on a much larger fulfillment of Tory policy than Mr. Law has ever done. And if the Coalition comes to an end, their calculation is that Mr. George will either have to go out into the wilderness and fight for his leadership of the lost Liberal party or go over, lock stock and barrel, to the Unionists. All ways they see their gain. Some of the Independent Liberals, who are chiefly concerned to see the Coalition broken or growing more and more unpopular, share their hopes. Mr. Chamberlain, honest man, has probably no other idea at this moment than to work hard and loyally with Mr. George in the Coalition government. It is not his fault if a thrill of anticipation tickles our political spines and the sub-editors are sharpening their pencils, prematurely no doubt, for a first-class political crisis.

But there must be something more, it will be said, than Mr. Chamberlain's lack of pliability. Not necessarily, for it means Mr. Chamberlain's strength of conviction, and that is an equipment as dangerous as it is rare for a Coalitionist minister. But there are, in fact, some other things. Heredity and upbringing count for much in politics and Austen Chamberlain was a most devoted son of his father. Joseph Chamberlain never allowed the consequences either to himself or to his party to stand in the way of political action which he felt himself called on to take. He broke the Liberal party in order to destroy Gladstonian Home Rule; he came near to breaking the Unionist party in order to promote his schemes for Colonial Preference and Protection. In both cases he resigned office in order to have his way. Mr. Austen Chamberlain also will not put place before principle. He is one of the few Ministers in recent times who have resigned office voluntarily. When the Mesopotamia Committee presented its report on the scandals of the earlier campaigns, Mr. Chamberlain insisted on resigning his office because as Secretary of State for India he had been nominally responsible for what has happened, although in actual fact he was much less responsible than many others.

It is a remarkable sign of the political times that his resignation is insisted on in all the character-sketches of Mr. Chamberlain that are appearing in the press. It is, indeed, a political portent. The history of the seventies and eighties is full of instances of Ministers resigning because they disapproved, not merely of the policy of the Cabinet as a whole, but even of the policy of an individual colleague. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain told Mr. Gladstone that if Parnell were not let out of Kilmaniham gaol he would resign. Mr. W. E. Forster told Mr. Gladstone that if Parnell were let out he would resign, and when Parnell was released he promptly did. In 1904-5, when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, still a member of the cabinet, was preaching Protection up and down the country, there was a shower of resignations from Mr. Balfour's Ministry. But nowadays, it is not done. The country would be astonished to hear that Mr. Churchill had resigned because he was in complete disagreement with the cabinet's Russian policy or that Mr. Fisher, reputed a good Liberal, had resigned because he could not accept the government's methods in Ireland. Disagreements of this kind are chronicled in the press as matters of fact which no one disputes, but Ministers do not resign. Hence the explosive force of an action like Mr. Chamberlain's. What may you not expect of a man who not only resigned, but persisted, out of sheer conscientiousness, in resigning even when he could not be justly held to blame! It is this that encourages all the right wing of the Tory party to think that the Welsh wizard will no longer be able to have so much of his own way.

There is, for instance, the critical case of the new anti-dumping bill which the government is pledged to bring in and pass this session. Mr. Chamberlain has a filial duty to perform towards this bill. He made no secret, when he introduced the Budget of 1919, that he regarded the small Colonial preferences which it contained merely as an instalment of the comprehensive Protectionist scheme which is dear to his, as it was to his father's heart. But the anti-dumping bill is by no means dear to Mr. George. Weeks before the resignation of Mr. Law it was the opinion of political experts that Mr. George would bring in the new bill but that he would not attempt to force it through the House of Commons but would quietly shelve it, as he did its predecessor in the spring of 1920, because to insist on its passage would break up the Liberal Coalition party and thereby the Coalition. But in 1920 Mr. George had Mr. Law, a congenial friend and colleague, to assist him. Now he has Mr. Chamberlain to deal with, more rigid in principle, more careless of party, more conscious it may be (it certainly should be) of the growing discontent in the Unionist rank and file. No, they are perfectly right who scent a change in the air, unless Mr. Chamberlain develops on new lines. Of course one must make that reservation. The more a man

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been a submissive subordinate, the more he is an unknown quantity as leader. But the "internal evidence" is strong.

And where in all this is that dexterous manipulator of political forces, Mr. George? Beyond all doubt Mr. Law's retirement is a severe blow to him. Mr. Garvin, a friend of the Coalition and of Mr. George, wrote the other day in the Observer that the Liberals in this country were surely and steadily drifting away from Mr. George. That is true. The recent by-elections have shown it conclusively. At Kirkcaldy, a seat long held with ease by Mr. George's personal friend, Sir Henry Dalziel, —the principal force behind the Daily Chronicle, Lloyd's Weekly, Reynolds's and other Coalition organs—a Labor candidate defeated a Coalition Liberal who was a local man and a popular employer of Labor. At Dudley the Liberals gave so little support to the new Minister of Agriculture that the seat was won by Labor. At Penistone the Coalition candidate came out at the bottom of the poll in a three-cornered contest. Only at Woolwich did the Coalitionist candidate succeed and he was a Unionist and a V. C., who was returned because his opponent was Ramsay Macdonald, on whose "defeatism" during the war the whole contest was made to turn. If the Independent Liberals are not gaining ground, the Coalition Liberals are losing it. But if Mr. George cannot convey the Liberal vote to Unionist candidates with any certainty or if he can do that, so as to secure the return of a dominating Tory party, but cannot secure the return of a compact Liberal party of his own, what is his position to be at the next general election, and how can he figure as the Liberal head of a Coalition Ministry?

The advent of Mr. Chamberlain must compel Mr. George to move more decidedly in one direction or the other—towards fusion with the Unionist party or the disruption of the Coalition and a return to the Liberals. There have been distinct signs during the last few weeks that he is moving towards a closer cooperation with the Unionists. He has declared decidedly for a continuance of the Coalition and he, and those who take their cue from him, have indicated once more that Labor is the enemy. He may still, if he takes action in time, win an election on the anti-Labor cry, especially if he can succeed in tarring all Labor with the brush of revolution and pro-Germanism. Labor's fears on this head were amusingly shown only a few days ago when the Parliamentary party was clearly afraid to press home its attack on the government's policy in respect of the "sanctions" and the fifty per cent tax simply and solely because of the cry of "Pro-German!" "Pro-German!" which Mr. George at once began to raise. Mr. Chamberlain's leadership, if we are right in thinking that it will make Mr. George's task more difficult, will necessarily accelerate his inclination to clear up the situation. A return to the Liberal fold means enormous difficulties, great personal hostilities to face and an uncertain future, for the Labor party will not make a working agreement with the Liberals. Union with the Tories, achieved through the formation of a National or Moderate party, holds out a much greater prospect of material success. It would mean that the Liberal party, ground between the conservatism of the country and Labor, would disappear as a governing force and that Mr. George would disappear as a Liberal. But that is whither Mr. George is tending and, unless our view of Mr. Chamberlain is mistaken, will tend more rapidly in future.

AN ENGLISH LIBERAL.

Clare Kummer

IF I had read Miss Clare Kummer's plays in manuscript, before any of them had been acted, I should not have foreseen their success. The public, I should have said, the gross public which likes its jokes heavy and its sentiment viscous, will not notice the range of Miss Kummer's quiet voice nor feel the pleasant fresh liquid coolness of her humor. Her plays are scenically and emotionally and morally too unpretentious for our American taste, their amusing waywardness is too unemphatic. Today, when for several seasons Miss Kummer has had a public which appreciates these good qualities and her others, and when it is too late to prophesy even wrongly, I still incline to the opinion that her plays would have been wasted on the only public I know anything about, the public of twenty-five years ago. For to believe this is to believe that the public has made progress.

Or suppose some one had shown me, again before any of Miss Kummer's plays had been acted, her plots in outline. A young girl, married in the far west against her will to a hermit, a wild man whose name she never knew or has forgotten, comes east and lives on the liberal allowance he sends her. She falls in love with a stranger who loves her. And behold! this stranger is her husband, no longer a wild man but a civilized and agreeable person, who married her from good motives (Good Gracious, Annabelle!). A young girl, whose father has just been ruined by his wicked brother, marries for money. On the wedding day somebody tells her husband why she married him and he is very angry. But she really loves

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him. All is well. All is even better, for her father isn't ruined and her uncle wasn't wicked after all (The Rescuing Angel). It occurs to a middle-aged New Yorker, very rich, married to a second wife about as old as his two children, that all three look upon him as nothing but a signer of cheques. He pretends to be ruined. And behold! everybody behaves well and sticks by him—the young wife who doesn't really love the foreign portrait-painter, the two children, the oldish man-servant. Even the French maid leaves undone the worst she's been suspected of. The report of the father's ruin, transpiring by accident, nets him and his partner some eight million dollars (A Successful Calamity). A young girl who has come to New York to be a singer cannot get employment and is in despair. A motor owned and driven by a very rich young man, married and separated from his wife, runs her down. In hospital he does everything for her. Later he sends her with a nurse to his place in the Adirondacks. She loves him. The chances are that he or his wife will get a divorce and that one of these days he and the young girl will marry (Be Calm, Camilla.) A young man, almost dependent on his grandfather, comes to New York to spend his own small property on a production of Hamlet with himself in the title role. He and his Ophelia fall in love. His grandfather, opposed at first to such a marriage, at last gives his consent (Rollo's Wild Oat).

Knowing at that time nothing of Miss Kummer's treatment of a plot, I should have said that none of these would ever do, that some were too commonplace, others too fantastic. Again I should have been quite wrong, for all of them except I think The Rescuing Angel leave her free in the happiest way to show us just as much of her characters as she wishes us to see, the gentle will that is the common property of nearly all her men and women, young and old, their imperturbability that is not insensitive and their kindness of heart. Miss Kummer's world is a place of no punishments and many rewards, and the rewards she bestows so kindly, love upon persons in love and money for those who need it, are just the simple good fortune she makes us wish them to have. She has invented a new corner of le pays de tendre, a place where the day is still young, where the shadows are shortening, where Cinderella has no wicked step-mother, where gaiety keeps the sweetness from tasting too sweet, where a fantasy that is humorous and a humor that is oddly like good sense together keep reminding us that the surface the light feet of her characters are walking on resembles the brown earth we all know. Miss Kummer's nonsense is often wise and always serene.

I have acknowledged that I don't care so much for The Rescuing Angel as for its companions, yet even in this play I enjoy the room in the hotel. It is a room in which Miss Kummer's people talk and act like themselves. It is here, if I remember, that Kolinsky the lawyer says to Slade: "Good—we are doing the right thing, Slade. Women are very interesting—they seem as though they were going to be wonderful and then they ain't—and we can love them again and feel that everything is all right." And here, when Slade wants to go away and leave him alone with Angela, Kolinsky makes his protest: "Go? I should say not, Slade—what are you thinking of? You know what a room in a hotel is—a place where no gentleman is supposed to remain one for a moment." It is here too that Whitely, when convinced that Angela has married him for his money—but really it's not so simple as that, Angela's conduct—picks up the vase of roses and dashes it to the floor.

If we are wise enough to understand Miss Kummer we are scarcely surprised to discover, at the end of this play, that the vase was not broken after all. No vase is ever broken, in any of Miss Kummer's plays, and yet we never catch ourselves longing for a real smash, she never lets us accuse her people of living in what Mr. Walkley once called "a perfect dairy of the milk of human kindness." The situation is always saved. Adam, in As You Like It, the faithful old servant who offers his little all to the penniless and exiled Orlando, has had many descendants on the stage, and most of them are terrible. You remember what Miss Kummer does with the scene in A Successful Calamity? Connors, the butler, believing Mr. Wilton is ruined, offers him all he has, hands over his savings bank book: "*Wilton* (opening bank book). Three thousand dollars—why, that's very good, Connors. You must have been very careful to have saved so much. *Connors* (pleased). Well, you see, sir—I've no one really dependent on me now, sir. My sister's husband has died and she doesn't need any more help." Emmie Wilton, when her husband tells her they are ruined, is at first incredulous: "Ruined! It doesn't seem like us, Harry. Are you sure? Mightn't there be some mistake?" And after Wilton has answered—"Haven't you any confidence in me at all?"—Emmie settles down, heroically and kindly, to spend the first evening they have had alone together in months. At last she says: "Harry, you know I'm never sleepy—but tonight somehow or other I a-am—I think perhaps it's being with you. I mean we're so sort of comfortable and quiet here alone together . . . Do you think it would be all right for me to go to bed?" And the little scene is suddenly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unlike any other of the kind. In The Robbery, one of the one-act plays given not long ago at the Punch and Judy, there is the pleasantest little picture of love at first sight, saved from resemblance to other such pictures by the fact that both he and she are awfully sleepy.

Miss Kummer's plays are nearly always well acted. Rollo's Wild Oat, now at the Punch and Judy, is acted extremely well. Miss Lotus Robb and Mr. Roland Young are one as good as the other, but Mr. Young's is the more difficult achievement. I have seen actors, and skilful ones, who made me feel how strange it was in some of Miss Kummer's plays to watch men behaving themselves on the stage as women do in real life. Nothing of the sort in the case of Mr. Young, whose acting proves that it is possible to be masculine without trying, possible without magnifying Rollo to lend him some of the actor's own finer intelligence.

P. L.

Workers' Education

THE four days that ended March and began April saw two gatherings of labor men and women and of educators. One group met at Brookwood School, in Katonah, New York, and the second group met in New York. The first group hammered out a policy for the newly founded resident workers' college. One purpose of the Brookwood experiment is to aid workers in preparing for a new social order. The second group, meeting in New York, formed a workers' education bureau, which it is hoped will become national in its activities.

The sympathy and support of important leaders and rank and file persons in the American labor movement were won to the idea of workers' education, and to the applications of that idea in colleges and classes.

A record of the twenty-five (approximately) American experiments showed several thousand labor students already doing regular intensive work in study and discussion.

After the conference, these questions still wait for an answer:—

What is "workers' education"?

Is it propaganda, training, culture?

Why is there no discussion of the idea?

Where will the teachers be found?

Who will write the text-books?

With the exception of radical and socialistic groups, why are the youth not interested?

The clothing industry is almost the only group that as yet can point to patient years of successful work in labor education. No greater mistake can be made than to overstate the importance of these recent educational conferences. A few earnest persons are groping: that is a moving fact. To say more than that is to advertise a promising beginning as if it were an accomplishment. Outside of New York and a few other industrial centres, workers' education is still largely the movement of middle-aged men and of a few devoted, overworked, underpaid teachers, organizers and directors. The young are somewhere else, busy in other quests, eager in other inquiries. The movement has not yet been wholly caught by conviction. It has created no "literature" of books, pamphlets, articles, challenging the old education and crowing lustily to bring the dawn. If there was the push of a new impulse, there would be discussion of the idea—a snow storm of programs and reports.

Workers' education is not a course on things in general. It concerns itself primarily with the social sciences. It presupposes that labor is gaining power rather rapidly, that something like a crisis will be reached within two generations. It is the humanly imperfect effort to meet that situation of responsibility. The leaders of labor in this effort are aware that realms of culture exist above the battle, that there is a pure search for truth by untroubled minds. They have heard the distinctions made between propaganda and education, between training and culture. Meanwhile they are driven to go on with their faulty experiment—a poor thing, but their own. And as yet they must push ahead through an almost universal indifference from famous educators, and sometimes even a courteous irony from liberal thinkers and writers. For the workers, facts do not rest in a thermos bottle at even temperature. They pick up heat as they encounter obstacles. "Profits" and "workers control" awaken allegiances and antagonisms, even in a studious group, which are not awakened by a consideration of the chemicals which enter into the composition of the sun. For the workers, the time of preparation is short. If they had all eternity to work in, they could wait for controversies to settle, and "truth" to emerge. Labor's aims and dreams and assumptions rest on a reading of "facts" not found in the orthodox economists. One business of workers' education is to test these claims, to come to agreement on the main outline of the social change, to think out a program and to enact it.

The movement needs teachers to take hold—teachers who are believers, preaching the need of education to locals of labor unions. A dozen convinced teachers, with a sense of vocation and the knack of popularization, could now win important sections of American labor to a belief in education as the next step.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A starting-point of belief is essential: A belief that here is the instrument of control and the path of advancement for labor; a belief that the day of grievances as the sole concern of policy is done; that the need is for a larger social program than in the past. With the exception of a few devoted persons, that core of conviction has been lacking in those who have thus far experimented in American workers' education. There has been a casual quality to their work, or a deadness of routine, or a fatigue of committee meetings. The movement has not as yet produced its great individuals. This is the central defect in our American group. We simply have not projected a Mansbridge, Mactavish, Tawney, Zimmern, Mallon, Greenwood. Until we do, the movement will lag. No one as yet wants to do this one thing very much: people are too busy with a number of things. In the field of social relationship and of idealistic adventure, we each one of us promote ourselves at a dozen points of activity, and spread ourselves thin over many committees. Breezily and briefly, we are Boosters, Rotarians, Block Units, Community Servants, and Social Workers.

The educational movement will not go very far until something comparable to the British Fabian Society exists. The teacher, the pamphleteer, the student of labor history, the expert in industrial research, the engineer, the technician, the trade union lawyer—these well-wishers in their isolation need to be mobilized for the purposes of workers' education. The ineffectuality of minorities is a weakness of our national life. There is a plenty of good will and intelligence, but the possessors have failed to organize around one central conviction, and so have failed to give their vitality to one all-mastering activity for a lifetime. "The worth of every conviction consists precisely in the steadfastness with which it is held." A small determined group can set the thinking of a nation. It is in the possession of groups that England has been rich. From the forty-seven Authorized Translators, and the twenty-eight weavers of Rochdale, to the Fabian handful, the Guildsmen and the Round Table, small groups have often seen their ideas prevail. The minority make consciously clear the vague wishes of the mass. Of the Fabians, Bernard Shaw in 1892 said:—"They have spent a certain number of years plodding away at footling little meetings and dull discussions, doggedly placing these before all private engagements, however tempting."

By "all sorts of hole-and-corner debates," the Fabians became "the recognized bullies and swashbucklers of advanced economics."

A large and dominant minority of British labor are today readers of books, students of modern economics, instructed cooperators, attendants in classes and at lectures. But there is no such minority in American labor devoting a portion of its leisure time to the conscious control of life through education. The direction and speed of a labor movement are determined by the local officials and key men. In Britain, the Webbs estimate that labor's driving force rests in 50,000 local branches and lodges, run by 100,000 branch officials and shop stewards. Those 100,000 swing the eight million organized men and women. They create policy in the way that sergeants in an army create morale. Capture those 100,000 and labor "moves": that is the program of one powerful British group interested in workers' education. Those local key men in America are still in the coil of union politics. We like mass entertainment better than hard thinking, discussion and the habit of book reading by a small group in earnest. The success of workers' education elsewhere has lain in the willingness of hard-working persons to put a couple of hours a week into study. In those two hours a week, given each year by from 15,000 to 20,000 manual workers, lies one of the differences between the British and the American labor movement.

We follow star speakers rather than group leaders. We are suffering from the disease described by Richard Edwards as "Spectatoritis"—a disease of the group, which obtains its amusement by watching professionals play games, and by attending motion picture shows. We obtain a sense of participation by crowd emotion. This craving for excitement leads us to demand of a movement that it shall be a nation-wide crusade in its first year. It must be a "drive," a stampede. That each of these promotions by brass band crumbles within a few months is forgotten in the sensation of the next new promotion. The promoter and the receiver tread each other's heels.

The American labor group shares this motion-picture mind and itch for the short cut, this love of bigness, novelty, mass meetings and headlines. Labor has backed fake schemes as vicious as any of high finance. It has been turning for several years to cooperative schemes on the large wholesale plan of production. The way of permanence in cooperation is not picturesque. Of the educational experiments already made, criticism is heard because the attendance does not number thousands. But classes can never be conducted as if they were vaudeville shows.

Can the American temperament meet these educational demands? Certain groups have tried other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

methods and have become weary. Those whom Walter Weyl called "tired radicals" wanted a revolution cheap. Hot agitation turned into personal bitterness. Perhaps they would have found their second wind, if they had connected themselves with the American labor movement in quiet ways and taken out their martyrdom in hard work. After all, clear thinking is the only revolutionary instrument which is fitted to human use. "Economic forces," "revolutionary uprisings," "the march of events," "the historic moment," "the instinctive movement of the masses,"—these catastrophic affairs are as yet a little beyond conscious control. But there is a small unsubmerged area of life, say ten per cent, which can be dealt with by the human intelligence.

Another group (with important exceptions) that has somehow failed to belt itself in with American labor is that of the social workers. There have been an unnecessary isolation and grayness to much of the settlement experiment, for instance. Some of the best teachers have been living in a vacuum and under a censorship which would not exist in a study-group of the United Mine Workers. Liberal journalism would shake off its woolly thinking and feeble writing, if it had direct contact with men strong enough to push forward a program.

This deadness of American liberals comes from their failure to organize around one ruling interest. Their fatigue is not alone the result of hard work. It is in part a sense of futility; a sense of the devastating loneliness of American life for any but the business group. Workers' education elsewhere has broken these blind alleys of middle class idealism into roads to freedom.

Labor has just as big a job in clearing the ground. As long as a twelve-hour day, or a ten-hour day, is permitted in certain industrial groups, the stupefaction of overwork will make classes impossible. There is no use in teasing an old-line craft union to live laborious nights. Until workers have power enough to create the strong economic unit of the industrial union, they will not have the vision to seek knowledge. It is not by chance that the miners of Pennsylvania, already organized in an industrial union, are those who are projecting an educational policy. In the old-time craft and business union, talking wages and grievances, whole reaches of character and intelligence in the youth are left untouched by details of adjustment unresolved into a larger policy.

With the alliance of labor and scholarship in workers' education will come a new unionism, an intelligent journalism, a group of interesting teachers, an American Fabian society. And in the doing of this, there will be no "national movement." The solutions will be local, regional. They will cease to be aimed at converting a continent. The United States is too large for any but a very low common denominator. Each local experiment will be content with a few groups of fifteen persons each.

The only "national" needs are for a bureau of information, where the pioneers of each section can ask questions and cheer each other up; and for a trade union school or college. This means a place where young men and women can come for one and two years of continuous study. If two hours a week after manual work are good for adults, better yet is an intensive course for youths. Such young men and women after residence would then return to the labor movement as instructed potential teachers and leaders. Their numbers would be few, but their influence would be large. With these two needs, the recent educational conferences dealt.

No big rewards and no newspaper fame await the pioneers of this emancipation. Neither teachers nor students will profit by one penny through their devotion. Workers' education does not say "Come and be comfortable." It can not be dressed in the garments of success. It demands the impossible. It calls for hard and clear thinking, for lonely work, for slow results and unregarded growth. The faithful servant of this calling may read "his victory in his children's eyes," but he will not live to see the day of its advent. He is building for a long future.

ARTHUR GLEASON.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Program for Disarmament

SIR: To those who have believed that the Treaty of Versailles holds out a promise for peace or of a new order in international relations, the plan mentioned below, which comes from authentic sources in London, will doubtless be of considerable interest. The plan as proposed in London is as follows:

1. President Harding has signified his intention of calling a disarmament conference of the Powers.
2. The British government is now proceeding on the assumption that this intention of President Harding will be translated into fact and is therefore laying plans for its program at such a conference.
3. The Treaty of Versailles gives the Allies powers of disarmament over Germany.
4. The only disarmament visualized so far has been disarmament of navies, of armies, of guns, etc.
5. At the Harding Disarmament Conference the British representatives will call for a new and accurate definition as to what is meant by the word, disarmament. They will demand that disarmament be given a wider meaning than it holds at present.
6. The new definition which it will be sought to have the conference adopt will be one which will embrace primarily the established means of waging war; that is, the means which cannot be created overnight but which re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quire years of building to create. This would seem at first glance to apply to navies.

7. The British will, however, present arguments to prove that there can be no real disarmament as long as countries possess chemical plants far in excess of their domestic and proportionate export needs. Also, that aeroplanes capable of being fitted in a short time as war planes capable of transporting poison gas but classed as commercial planes, are a menace to the peace of the world if any one country possesses more of these planes than are actually required for the legitimate development of commercial flying.
8. American chemical experts are to be privately asked to support this British definition of disarmament to include chemical plants and airplanes.
9. The British government has good reason to believe that it will have the support of America in having the conference adopt such a definition, also of France, with Italy doubtful.
10. The hint is given us that the Americans may even, for tactical reasons, initiate the proposal before the Conference; the motion then to be seconded by the British.
11. The decision aimed at would result in the partial disarmament of the German chemical, dye and airplane industry: giving power to the Allies to leave only sufficient chemical works operating in Germany to care for internal needs and to supply the colors needed by the Allies under the dye reparation clauses of the Treaty. Other factories would be dismantled as potential war machines. At the same time the number of airplanes would be limited. In this connection it should be noted that Great Britain has recently lost first place in air development, and has dropped to third, the order being: 1, France; 2, Germany; 3, Great Britain.
12. Such a decision would permit chemical and air disarmament of Germany under the Treaty and would therefore permit of the development of the British and American dye industries for internal needs and for export without the overpowering competition of the German industry, with its low costs, further aggravated by adverse exchanges.

From intimations received in London it is assumed that the American War Department would support this program. The British would prefer it to a protective tariff on dyes and chemicals which would be difficult to put through in Britain because of its powerful Free Trade party. The present British dye licensing act which is permitting the development of the British dye industry remains in operation only for ten years from January 15, 1921. The most important outcome of such a decision by the Powers in so far as it would affect Germany would not be the dismantling of the dye and chemical works themselves, but would be the disintegration of the expert German dye personnel; which would be obliged to seek employment in other countries. It is held that the creation and the maintenance of a dye industry is first of all a matter of personnel and that with this personnel disrupted the industry is itself crippled and cannot be speedily recreated. The decision would give opportunity to limit under legal authority of the Treaty the amount of German dye exports and this last is the point and the crux of the whole matter. It would rob Germany of its potential war-making powers, and at the same time give the Allied nations opportunity to create the first wall of national defense and preparedness.

P.

The Struggle in North Dakota

SIR: It probably is too much to expect that I be permitted to take Mr. Johnson's article on The Struggle in North Dakota in your issue of March 9th and answer it paragraph by paragraph as I would like to do, but may I not be permitted the privilege of answering two or three of his chief arguments, largely on the basis of the information he himself gives?

For example, take the statement in Mr. Johnson's fifth paragraph. He says:

> "Most of the public funds deposited with the Bank of North Dakota and redeposited with local banks, had been lent to the farmers. Consequently for the Bank of North Dakota to meet demands of the local treasurers, the Bank must call upon the local banks for its deposits with them, and they in turn, must call upon the farmers to pay up their loans. This they cannot or will not do. Hence the plight of the Bank of North Dakota, which is in danger of being rendered insolvent by the garnishments of the local treasurers."

The best way of answering that is to take a concrete instance. Let us say that Cass county, in which Fargo is situated, had $400,000 in public moneys of all kinds on deposit in the Bank of North Dakota. This money was drawing two per cent interest from the Bank of North Dakota and it was redeposited in the local banks which paid four per cent. When the initiated law was adopted, the county treasurer and the various city, township and school board treasurers decided to withdraw their funds from the Bank of North Dakota and deposit them directly in the local banks, getting three or four per cent interest. What should have been necessary to make the transaction? Is anybody so ignorant of banking as to believe that the Bank of North Dakota would send an agent with a suitcase to get the money and turn it over to the treasurers? Wouldn't a mere book entry have cleared the transaction? Why should that cause any hardship to anybody or cause any loans to be called? The county treasurer would simply draw a check on the Bank of North Dakota and deposit it in the local bank and the money would remain exactly where it was.

That is, it should have been done that way, and could have been so handled but for the situation that Mr. Johnson himself discloses in his eighth paragraph, when he says:

> "In the meantime the industrial commission has gone on with its program lending some $3,000,000 to the farmers through its farm loan associations—(it had no association, but merely the bank machinery)—and $250,000 through its Home-building association. It also incurred obligations to the amount of $1,000,000 in the construction of a state mill and terminal elevator and an experimental milling plant. These undertakings have been financed primarily (he should have said entirely) by means of advances from the Bank of North Dakota."

Do you not see the significance of that? Not one dollar was raised by taxation for these enterprises, and the bonds authorized for them were not sold. Where did the $4,250,000 (a very conservative estimate) come from? It came out of the working capital of the state and the various political subdivisions, of course, for that was the only money the Bank of North Dakota had. That explains why this liquidation of the Bank of North Dakota could not proceed by mere book entries as outlined above —that and one other reason which I will mention later. That much money is "frozen" as we call it up here.

That situation also explains why the bonds are not saleable. They were questioned first because of their unconstitutionality and that question has not been wholly cleared up as yet, some very good attorneys say. But before that question could be settled, the Bank of North Dakota adopted this policy of diversion of funds.

You permit Mr. Johnson to say that two hundred more banks "are in peril of having" to close their doors. That is a vicious and most dangerous untruth, and you are deserving of severe censure for permitting such a statement to appear in your columns. As a matter of fact, the power of the Bank of North Dakota to injure privately owned banks is about exhausted. The Bank of North Dakota is going through an involuntary liquidation process at the rate of about $1,500,000 a month according to its own reports. It is now little more than a financial cold storage house. It won't "break." It can't break, but it is refusing even now to honor valid checks of its depositors and would have been closed long ago if it had been a private bank.

Let me now discuss very briefly the second reason why the liquidation of the Bank of North Dakota could not have been done by mere book entries and within a very few days. That reason was the policy of favoritism for "league banks." The argument was that "poorer districts" were to be favored with more than their share of public money, and "smaller banks" thus were to be enabled to get assistance. Well, take the case of Cass county again. It originated some $400,000 of public moneys. It is the richest county in the state and the most populous. It received back more than $600,000 in public money from the Bank of North Dakota, and of this sum more than $400,000 was in the Scandinavian American Bank. This bank had been closed sixteen months ago as insolvent. Since then the amount of public money on deposit in it has been increased by $160,000, and now it is closed again by the same bank examiner who sixteen months ago declared it was in first class condition. It had twice as much public money as all the other banks in the entire county combined.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps this will make clear that the troubles of the Bank of North Dakota are not due to any "economic warfare" which is probably his term for what leaguers call "efforts of Wall Street to wreck the Bank of North Dakota," but to the fact that our public money has been "frozen" in long time investments of doubtful value, and has been placed in a few favored banks.

J. E. ROCKWELL,
Editor Fargo Forum.

Fargo, North Dakota.

SIR: Permit me to answer Mr. Rockwell's criticisms briefly:

1. Mr. Rockwell's hypothetical transfer of funds to the local treasurers by "mere book entry" was not possible—even though one knew a great deal about banking—because the local treasurers did not generally intend to redeposit in the same banks.

2. Mr. Rockwell quotes me to prove that the state industries were financed by loans on the Bank of North Dakota. I do not deny it. Isn't it one of the main functions of banks to loan deposits? The Bank of North Dakota would not have been in trouble for this usual practice if "politics" had not engineered a run on the bank by the local treasurers and hindered the sale of the bonds.

3. My statement of the number of banks in peril was based on current press reports and the opinion of a banking expert who thought that a great many banks were technically in a bad condition. Thirty-five had already closed their doors. Mr. Rockwell does not deny the principle but states his opinion that I have exaggerated. I think I am right, as things were a month ago.

4. I did not deny favoritism for "League banks," but intimated as much in paragraph three of my article. However, as a matter of justice, I would question the implication that the case of the Scandinavian-American Bank of Fargo could be generalized for the whole of North Dakota. This "proving" of a point by the selection of the worst case (assumed by the reader to be typical) is a well known trick of partisan innuendo. It should not pass unchallenged.

5. Mr. Rockwell seeks to discredit my statements regarding economic and political warfare in North Dakota by merely tangential arguments, ignoring the obvious facts regarding that contest which have filled the press and which have produced the bitterest feelings in the northwest. Both sides are using "politics" to forward and defend their economic schemes and interests. As long as this politics is honest and above-board there can be no objection to it; but who imagines it is honest and above-board now?

C. R. JOHNSON.

Protection from Germany

SIR: "Short of the miraculous, Germany, the modern industrial Germany which has developed in the last half century, is doomed," says Frank H. Simonds in his weekly review of April 3rd. Germany, he declares, has redoubled her "threats of revenge, of the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, of the future destruction of France," and "is rousing her people to new passion and new fury with each day." Consequently Germany, he concludes, must be "destroyed." France "has the power to destroy and every right to exercise that power," he says. He explains that when he "talks of the destruction of Germany, the words have a peculiar and limited meaning. . . . What is meant is that the economic conditions can be so modified that millions of men and women will have to migrate or starve." If the population of Germany, he says, is reduced "to those limits which represent the capacity of the country to support itself, if its mineral resources are alienated by French and Polish occupations, if its foreign trade is eliminated by the destruction of German production, through the abolition of confidence and credit, essential to the present possession by the Germans of the necessary raw materials to keep their machinery working, then we shall have, once for all, the end of the danger which has overhung France for more than half a century."

There are several faults to be found in the analysis of Mr. Simonds. One is that the simple statement that Germany is seeking the destruction of France is not convincing. Even so keen an observer as Mr. Simonds needs to produce evidence. History does not invariably repeat itself, and the fact that Germany attacked France in 1870 and again in 1914 does not make it certain that she is now planning to try it again. The fact that Germany is seeking to escape paying what the Allies demand is not proof that she engaged in a "campaign of threat and menace to France." The fact that "she is openly challenging the responsibility for the war," does not necessarily mean that her supreme purpose is "a new assault upon France."

In an article of more than a year ago, February 1, 1920, Mr. Simonds said: "As for the Germans, the outcome of the war, the terms of peace, have convinced them that British commercial jealousy provoked the war, that Britain attacked Germany in order to destroy a dangerous rival. This is nonsense in one respect, but it is nonsense which will be accepted because the outcome of the war was to destroy Germany as a commercial rival of the British, and the terms of peace are enduring evidence of this fact." In a later article he declared that as a result of the Versailles Treaty the German choice was "between a generation of economic servitude to the West and a dangerous experiment in eastern revolution." The question inevitably arises: Is it reasonable to expect Germany to believe herself responsible for the war, when the results of the war are virtually what they would have been if she had actually fought to defend herself from attack? Furthermore, will not a Germany convinced of her crime be of infinitely more value to France than a Germany "destroyed" because she refused to accept "a generation of economic servitude"?

Mr. Simonds says that with the German population reduced, the menace to France will be ended "once for all." But if Germany is revengeful now, what will she be after the proposed destruction? Whence comes the assurance that the danger will be ended "once for all"?

"France is fiscally ruined," says Mr. Simonds, "if Germany does not pay, but fiscal ruin and national ruin are quite different things, and France is better adapted than any other European nation to endure the general collapse of the existing economic system. . . . France is a self-contained country. with a comparatively low density of poulation, France can feed herself, she can practically meet all her requirements within her own home and colonial area." Now, if France can afford the adventure of a new war with Germany, with no repayment for the injuries of the past one, merely for "protection" against future attack, she can afford to cut down her reparation demands. Thus is the conclusion reached that the only reason for a French invasion of Germany is French fear. The only way to remove that fear is so to revise the Treaty that Germany can have no just cause for seeking revenge. The United States should tell France in unmistakable terms that it will not support her in her present wild policy, that it will assume no responsibility for the consequences of a new war. In addition, as proof of our friendship, we should cancel the French war debt. But unfortunately what should be done will not be done.

MYRON M. JOHNSON.

Hartford, Connecticut.

Hosea and Harding

SIR: The passage from Hosea which you used as a text to illumine President Harding's inaugural filled me with a great and abiding joy, but why, oh why, did you not use the balance of the verse?

His election was the result of a propaganda of misrepresentation unparalleled in our political history, and the words of the Prophet Hosea that follow are no less apropos than the first line that you use with such telling effect:

> "Ephraim feedeth on wind, and followeth after the east wind: he daily increaseth lies and desolation."

The clause following may have been prophetic of the discarded separate peace with Germany. I don't know. not being a theologian. It reads:

> "and they do make a covenant with the Assyrians, and oil is carried into Egypt."

Schenectady. New York. CARLTON CHAMBERLAYNE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

HOW often I wish I were living in the France of the eighteenth century,—before the Revolution! I could then have had all the exhilaration of advocating democracy, without any of the disadvantages of living in a democratic society. It must be almost ideal to plead the cause of liberty and equality against an aristocratic background.

Not, of course, that even in the eighteenth century one did not have to pay for enlightenment. If one publicly denounced the King or the Government or God, one was likely to be thrown into jail or tortured or hanged. By the time Voltaire had published to the world his opinions on religion and society, he had found that there was not a country in Europe where he could live without fear of persecution and he was obliged to take refuge near Geneva at the juncture of four jurisdictions so that he could flee from one to the other at a moment's notice. Yes; in the harsh suppression of free speech and the hatred of unorthodox views, the France of the eighteenth century was sometimes quite as violent as the America of today.

But the great thing about the eighteenth century, as I have already pointed out, was the graceful and aristocratic setting which it provided for its philosophers. The Enlightenment was a gentleman's game, as much as Toryism. Aristocrats like Condorcet and Turgot; fashionable dramatists like Beaumarchais; polished and erudite literary men like Montesquieu and Voltaire were its most conspicuous champions. So sophisticated and so learned was that extraordinary company that Rousseau, with his humiliating record and his passionate and clumsy inspirations, appeared to many of them a rustic and an ignoramus; whereas it is lamentably clear that in the America of today Rousseau would seem by comparison even with many intellectuals a man of education and a man of the world.

The new ideas in religion and politics and science were presented with a sound culture and an exquisite urbanity. For, in those days, philosophy and science were still regarded as forms of literature and the savants were not so overpowered by the gravity of their ideas that they were unwilling to put them clearly and wittily in ten pages of a brisk dialogue rather than bury them in five hundred of a cumbrous and unreadable volume. In the salons of the clever people, the superstitions and prejudices of humanity were examined with a relentless keenness and a highly civilized gaiety. They laughed away the current creeds and the current moralities and, what is perhaps even more important, they lived up to their heresies. For, in the America of the twentieth century, it is no uncommon thing to find people like the intelligent gentleman in Mrs. Wharton's The Reef, who profess the outrageous convictions and yet live the respectable life,—who applaud Bernard Shaw and agree with H. L. Mencken and yet lead existences deader than those of their own chauffeurs.

They little knew, those philosophers and wits, what sorrows were in store for humanity. They believed that, when "the last king had been strangled with the bowels of the last priest," the world would forthwith commence to enjoy the reign of liberty and reason. They could not know that the people, whose rights they were struggling to establish and about whose natural virtues they had become so confidently rhetorical, were to prove indifferent to their rights and disappointing as to their virtues. The fathers of representative government could not foresee the representatives which the people were some day to choose; they could not imagine that the people would scarcely bother to choose at all and that the final product of the thrilling cry of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité" would some day be the corrupt mediocrity of the Third Republic.

Above all, they were unable to foresee that the curious mechanical devices in which they took a slightly condescending but intelligent interest would some day assume the proportions of enormous and cruel traps in which the whole of the western world would find itself taken,—that the bourgeoisie, released from the tyranny of the aristocracy, would seize on these interesting toys and expand them into monstrous prisons with which to crowd out the millennium of reason and dominate the world.

Voltaire and Dr. Franklin, when they experimented with physics, could not know that the movement which was beginning in a spirit of philosophic science would bear its latest fruits in the steel works and the breakfast food factory. I do not suppose it ever occurred to them that a liberated middle class would take advantage of the discoveries of science, not for the advancement of humanity, but for their own enrichment and power. At any rate, that was what happened: industry and commerce swallowed everything, including the enlightened constitutions which the statesmen and philosophers had provided,—and the people, instead of becoming politically educated and more and more keen for the privileges of a free society, as soon as the novelty of voting and being represented had worn off, relapsed into the profoundest apathy about the administration of their affairs and allowed themselves to be cheated and enslaved with very little resistance.

And, as the world gave itself up to commerce, the standard of taste declined; the dominating ideals were bourgeois. The exactions of industry became so harsh that the proletariat revolted. In a world of ugliness and dreariness, the class war arrived; and the democratic battle had to be fought all over again, but this time not in the salons of the eighteenth century, but from the committee meeting of the Socialist and the soap-box of the I. W. W.

And that is why I long so wistfully to have lived in the eighteenth century. It is not that I wish that the French or American or Russian Revolutions had never happened at all. They were inevitable and right: I am glad that they succeeded. But I wish I had been fated to advocate ideals of justice and humanity in the comparative calm and elegance of the eighteenth century.

I picture myself as the master of some old and gracious château, which I share with some such lady philosopher as Voltaire's Madame du Châtelet or Rousseau's Madame de Warens. All the gens d'esprit of the Enlightenment would come to visit us there: the urbane and free-thinking abbé, the witty encyclopaedist, the aristocrat moqueur de tout, the spirituelle blue-stocking. In high bright rooms with long windows that open on geometric gardens, where green walls of box are guarded by white complacent goddesses; at prolonged and vivacious dinners, enlivened by admirable wines and eaten from daintily flowered plates but lately brought over from China, we deride the superstitions of the people with profound and exquisite bon mots. . . . On dit que M. Buffon a conçu une théorie origihale et fort intéressante: il prétend que les espèces animales sont quelquefois faites et défaites par les climats. . . . Dites, monsieur l'abbé, qu'est-ce qui est arrivé

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

au trépas de Madame Doublet? On m'a dit qu'elle a fait une scène terriblement drôle. En sauriez-vous la vérité? —Eh bien, madame, jusqu'à ses derniers moments tout s'est passé de la façon la plus convenable du monde. On lui a envoyé un confesseur charmant, homme de goût et d'esprit, et d'une jolie éloquence, qui l'a gagnée toute entière par sa douce parole et sa théologie spirituelle. Enfin, il s'est si bien exprimé que madame l'a voulu embrasser. Monsieur le confesseur ne laisse pas d'être aimable, mais, malheureusement, en embrassant madame, il se montre un peu gauche: il dérange son rouge. Madame se met en colère, une colère épouvantable,—et meurt sans se confesser. . . . M. de Montesquieu devient très sérieux; on voit bien qu'il commence à vieillir: on ne trouve guère d'histoires galantes dans son Esprit des lois.—On y en trouve, pourtant. . . .

The candles are lit in the salon; the valets come to close the long windows. In the garden, the damp and gentle twilight of the north of France is dimming the whiteness of the statues and softening the rigidity of the paths. The clavichord sounds with an air of Rameau's, courteous, logical and gay. . . . Why should we not, we gens d'esprit, be confident and serene? The Enlightenment has all but won the day over superstition and error. Is there not already in Prussia a monarch who follows Voltaire,—who is to realize the Platonic ideal of the philosopher-king? In another decade or two humanity will at last be free. Is not man by instinct good? Is it not institutions that have spoiled him? Let us then, with polished ridicule and the orderly arguments of reason, destroy the institutions, and the reign of justice will begin.

. . . But what nonsense all this is, my poor friend. Did you think you would have been happier then? Did you suppose that, for all the manners and the fineness and the wit, the spectacle of humanity was, any less then than now, the spectacle of the follies and barbarities of a rude and ignorant race? You would have found the same thwarted purposes, the same unquenched desires, the same intolerable wrongs and no way to set them right. Did you think that there was no heart broken before Manon Lescaut could be written? Did you think that no suffering and no anger went to the writing of Candide? You imagine Voltaire an ironic god, supremely the servant of his reason, imperturbable and gay. He was also an eager idealist; a man of enthusiastic hopes, who had seen his hopes harshly defeated; a humane and highly sensitive creature, who smarted from cruel wounds. He had been humiliated and beaten and thrown into jail. He had seen his companion of six years, the Marquise du Châtelet, take a young guardsman for a lover and die in giving birth to his child. He had come to the court of Frederick, as to the temple of reason and justice, and had found the philosopher-king a vain and mischievous fellow, not a little fatuous in his cleverness, who was willing to drive the nations to war for no more philosophic reasons that "des troupes prêtes d' agir, mon épargne bien remplie, et la vivacité de mon caractère."

—Make no mistake! It was not the eighteenth century which would have given you happiness and peace: human life among the philosophers, no less than among the machines, was a mixture of disappointment and stupidity and pain,—a destructive and senseless war begun by a restless king, who professed to be directed by reason but confessed to a vivacious character,—a mistress, stolen by a guardsman, whom the philosopher should have had.

EDMUND WILSON, JR.

POEMS by CARL SANDBURG

Black Horizons

Black horizons, come up.
Black horizons, kiss me.
That is all; so many lies; killing so cheap; babies so cheap; blood, people, so cheap; and land high, land dear; a speck of the earth costs; a suck at the tit of Mother Dirt so clean and strong, it costs; fences, papers, sheriffs; fences, laws, guns; and so many stars and so few hours to dream; such a big song and so little a footing to stand and sing; take a look; wars to come; red rivers to cross.
Black horizons, come up.
Black horizons, kiss me.

The Dinosaur Bones

The dinosaur bones are dusted every day.
The cards tell how old we guess the dinosaur bones are.
Here a head was seven feet long, horns with a hell of a ram,
Humping the humps of the Montana mountains.
The respectable school children
Chatter at the heels of their teacher who explains.
The tourists and wonder hunters come with their parasols
And catalogues and arrangements to do the museum
In an hour or two hours.
The dinosaur bones
are dusted
every day.

Unintentional Paint

The flat gray banana store front
is visited by a union painter with no intentions
and a bucket of high maroon paint
and a pot of high yellow.

The high maroon banana store front
sings its contralto with two stripes
of yellow soprano on the door.

The union painter meant nothing
and we can not attribute intentions
to a bucket of maroon nor a pot of yellow.

The door and the lintels sing.
Two banjoes strum on the threshold.
Two people hum a snatch of song
They know well from singing together often.
I must come this way often
and not only for bananas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M. Bergson's Theories: What is their Permanent Importance?

Mind-Energy, Lectures and Essays, by Henri Bergson. Translated by H. Weldon Carr. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"THE greatest philosophical luminary that has risen above the horizon for a long time"; such was the verdict on M. Bergson of a very eminent American philosopher. But he went on to say that he did not profess to understand all his thought. A dozen philosophic specialists could be mentioned who have made the same confession. William James, who by generous praise gave the first great impetus to M. Bergson's fame in England, remarked: "I have to confess that Bergson's originality is so profuse that many of his ideas baffle me entirely. I doubt whether any one understands him all over, so to speak." The greatest luminary does not appear to give a very clear light.

None the less in the years immediately before the war he was probably the object of a more widespread, a more nearly worldwide interest than any philosopher in history has during his life commanded. This was due in part, of course, to modern communications. But the fact remains that his impressiveness is exceptional. And since not even the specialists find him pellucid, it is obvious that he has conquered, not by clearly proving his point and compelling acceptance, but by the fascination and inherent acceptability of the ideas he propounds. The countless readers undrilled in the abc of philosophy who have found a certain thrill for the imagination in the current summaries of his philosophy, the numerous women of fashion who have listened to his lectures and derived sensations from his ideas, may be our witnesses. His volumes, crowded with arguments for these ideas, could not be called popular; but there is something in the ideas themselves which is unmistakably popular.

Can it be that the reason why the specialists do not fully understand him and the reason why the popular mind is drawn to him are connected—are consequences of one and the same fact? Can it be that the same trait makes his thought alluring to the mind's embrace and baffling to its understanding? Let us see.

Nothing makes much headway toward a full comprehension of M. Bergson but a long, plodding, minute study of his writings, the collation of passages, the persistent putting of questions about any difficulties in his meaning and the insistence upon finding the answers. Even this does not light up all the dark crannies. But it brings some interesting results. The philosophers mentioned had not bestowed this kind of labor upon him; they were busy bestowing it on the universe.

First of all, the broad features of his teaching familiar to all his readers must be recalled. He has published six volumes, all of which deal with the relation of matter to mind; each of which in one respect or another tries to show the ascendancy of mind over matter. The first book, The Immediate Data of Consciousness, translated under the title Time and Free Will, argues that mind or consciousness is not, like matter, a subject of calculation, because it is not, like matter, a thing of quantity. It is not composed of separable units whose sum may be cast up; if it has any parts they are fused into one being. We could never calculate its future acts, for there are no calculable factors. Mind is "free."

The second book Matter and Memory argues that mind is not a *product* of matter (that is, of the material brain) for matter has no power of producing mind. The nature of mind has been misconceived. In reality the brain is the point at which mind, treating the present material situation in the light of memory, can act upon matter, through an original and ripe decision. Memory is not dependent on the brain, but by its own nature retains always the whole of one's past (such is M. Bergson's bold assertion) and is merely restricted and brought to bear by the brain. Moreover matter itself turns out to be a form of mind in disguise, a lower form produced by the mind's "running down." The tables are turned; matter is a product of mind.

In his third book, on Laughter, the theory is charmingly original. It is that we laugh only at people, not at things, and only then when people are behaving as if they were things. This book has sometimes been spoken of as though it represented an excursion quite apart from the author's philosophy and main interests, but in fact it is precisely in the line of them. It stands for the ascendancy of spirit and spontaneity over matter and necessity. The great joke is when a man, a free spirit, behaves as if he were an automaton, when he fails to *live*, with spontaneity or freedom, when he lets his habits or mannerisms or confirmed crotchets rule him, instead of making a fresh living response to a new situation.

An Introduction to Metaphysics (as the translation is called) deals with the proper method of philosophy. Philosophy has been impaired, M. Bergson maintains, by the encroachment of methods appropriate to matter only. Analysis, or the intellectual division of things into their parts, is a process appropriate to matter, but, as he sought to prove in his first book, not appropriate to that of living, continuous consciousness, which we are. Instead of seeking mentally to tear limb from limb, to dismember a living reality, we should rather seek to realize it as it is. This the author calls the method of intuition. It is, so to speak, the method of *being* the thing we wish to understand, so far as by imagination we can, rather than that of taking it apart and putting it together. It might also be called the method of sympathy. Living realities can indeed be approached analytically, if we desire. We do so rightly so far as we desire to take action with reference to the things studied, to foresee consequences, to calculate so far as calculation is possible. But so far as we wish really to face and see reality as it is, the external, analytic method is of no use. It merely substitutes some dead combination of units for the living, energizing thing.

The fifth and most famous book, Creative Evolution, maintains again the ascendancy of the mind's life over matter. It argues that living bodies, as we call them, are not a product of matter alone, but that psychic life, not dependent on body but slowly working out its will upon and through body, has developed organs that it requires and is still developing them. This effort and energy of life, which the author variously terms the "vital push," the "vital impetus," the "vital current," and which he compares to a wave and to a wind, has been the directive principle of the whole process. There was in living beings a bent, a tendency, a set toward seeing, for instance, that steadily pushed toward the creation of an eye. Here the method of intuition and not the method of physical analysis will avail us. It is when we lend ourselves to share the instinct of life itself that we comprehend something of the process. Physical or mechanical explanation is the device

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the intellect. But intellect is secondary, has only arisen for purposes of action, is useful for those purposes but cannot tell the truth about the nature of things. The intellect is intended "to think matter." It "feels at home among inanimate objects, more especially among solids, where our action finds its fulcrum and our industry its tools." Our author extends his vitalism to the whole universe. He carries it into metaphysics. All matter, again he urges, is a low form of life, a form in which the tension or push of life is slackened.

Lastly, the present volume, L'Energie Spirituelle, translated Mind-Energy, consists of seven occasional addresses and essays, of which the most important are the last three, on Recognition, Effort, and Brain and Thought. It maintains and extends the ideas above.

What manner of mind is it that is behind these volumes, all densely packed, except perhaps the last? What are its characteristics?

1. First of all, for the man himself we must have unfeigned respect. He is careful. He scrupulously verifies what he tells us of scientific fact, of history, of the views of past authors. Before he ventures to deal with any concrete subject, such as aphasia, localization of functions in the brain, the process of animal evolution, he fairly immerses himself in the study of its literature and traces threads with patient fidelity. His work is in the highest tradition of scientific conscience, modesty, and self-respect. And there is something else. There is a certain fineness of fibre, taking two forms: fine observation and fine feeling. These contribute greatly to his results. In examining consciousness as a psychologist he sees it afresh and for himself. He does not yield his mind to the facile customs of thought about it that have prevailed. Examples of this are the very first chapter he published, on what is called intensity in consciousness, and that chapter in creative evolution where he is discussing the process by which evolution is supposed to have taken place. The man has sharp eyes. He looks a fact in the teeth. He does not call a lawn all green when the part in shadow is dark green and the part where the sun shines is greenish yellow. This, of course, is a priceless merit in a thinker. We may put it first amongst his distinctive traits.

2. He has a taste or rather a passion for originality or freshness of thought. This is allied with what has just been mentioned, his love of seeing a fact with a fresh, acute vision. His original ideas are remarkably numerous. He evidently has a kind of conscience about *filling* his books, furnishing them amply and even densely with new thoughts. His books do not appear to be consecutively written. They are put together. They are a kind of conscientious masonwork of his best ideas only, all the rest being left out—written by one who would dislike to leave any commonplace stretches or interstices in his work. Now this love of originality in his own work is one with his desire to find originality, creative quality, fresh emanation in the world and in life, one with his rejection of mechanism, one with his distaste for the notion that the past controls the future, one with the pertinacious strain of thought through all his books according to which human will, animal life, nay, the inmost reality of things, have spontaneity and exert a certain "tension" of original effort which may bring forth undreamt-of fruit. He has a deep love of the new, of change, of intellectual adventure. In other words, by his temper of mind this philosopher is romantic, akin to what in literature was called the Romantic School. He has every mark of that school. He has, we see, its taste for the unfamiliar. He has its love of spontaneity. He has its frequent preference of intuition to reason. Like it he is fascinated by mystery and by sublimity in its wilder forms. Like it he is fascinated by personality, by the self, by its unique quality. These are deep-reaching influences in all he has produced.

3. There is another characteristic of his work which is also a characteristic of his world. He is always telling us that the mind or soul is not made up of separate parts like matter, that its parts are fused and inseparable. He cannot accept "the association of ideas" because that makes ideas separate elements and treats the mind like matter. All that we call different thoughts, emotions and the like which the mind has at one time, really, in M. Bergson's view, "interpenetrate." This is a beloved word of his. We cannot consider first one by itself and then another by itself without doing violence to the intermingling of their natures. Now whatever may be true of the mind this is certainly true of his writing. It is a curious trait. The parts are not rigorously divided. We never know when we have finished any subject. He will take up a problem and offer a solution; then state the problem again, introducing new difficulties, and give his solution with vital additions. Then a third version, etc. We never know but that we shall have the matter over again, with equally vital additions. We never know, therefore, that he means what he says to be taken as unqualifiedly true. His book goes forward somewhat as he says conscious life goes forward, "carrying the past with it" but not controlled by the past, and rolling up more and more of the theory as it goes.

This habit is largely due to our author's inability to see very far around him. He cannot survey his whole subject at once in clear arrangement and analytical array. What he sees at any moment is some real fact of consciousness or life or whatever. In every chapter of his books he has hold of some bit of experience, of fact, not manufactured, not spurious. Moreover, important fact. He goes deep. But he goes deep by an extremely narrow shaft. He does not remain at the moment clearly conscious of other facts, facts to the right and facts to the left, that should influence his conclusion. Only he dimly feels that what he sees is not all. He wants to survey the whole, but cannot. He feels the whole but can only see a small part; so he falls back on the idea that the part is darkly pregnant with the whole. The consequence is a peculiar helplessness. For example one is sure he would not be well able to defend his own doctrines in relentless debate. He has too little clear sense of his own bearings. He has too little clear sense of manifold relation. His eye does not take in at any one sweep the lie of the land and the several positions of the opposing forces. It does not take in at any one sweep his own philosophy. He is at times out of touch with his own base of operations. All this gradually forms in the reader a sense of the *difficulty* with which M. Bergson writes a book. It is, as has been said, carefully and most cautiously constructed. It never sweeps forward with a natural progress, an easy gait. Emphatically his writing has no élan vital.

4. He is not by nature a logician. It is the whole nature of logic to take in much at one sweeping glance. That is the sole purpose for which logic exists. Logic is able to say "either . . . or . . .," and the whole universe of possibilities is at once marshalled in two opposite ranks. Logic classifies, by considering *all* things that have a certain quality, including things yet unborn and undreamt of perhaps, if only they have that quality—things monstrous and inconceivable in all other respects perhaps,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if only they have that quality. At this one point logic has hold of them each and along the line of that resemblance runs out into the infinite. It is possible for the mind to put its eye down to one of those lines and look out along its endless course. In this he is not skilled.

M. Bergson, we saw, has delicacy of observation and delicacy of feeling. He has no intellectual delicacy. He has no sensitive avoidance of mental confusion and disorder. At some point, of course, where argument invites it, he may be logical for a brief space. But his mind soon escapes from the captivity of logic and makes its way back to the free and luxuriant forest of metaphor. The law of metaphor is that it exists for the sake of force and not for the sake of logical clearness. It may even in scientific exposition be everywhere present, but there it should be everywhere subordinate. In other words, the definitions and formulas which are the pivots upon which the whole turns should not be metaphor. But in M. Bergson's work they *are* metaphor. He seldom supplies a clear definition of anything. In this latest book "an immense current of consciousness" "traverses" matter "to draw it towards organization." Yet consciousness is not a current; consciousness does not traverse anything; consciousness does not draw anything, in a literal sense; it remains to be proved that it draws things in any sense whatever. And not seldom the formulas are metaphor that involves logical confusion. He has no intellectual or logical delicacy about language. Else he could not speak of prolonging a fact into a law, an ill phrase for those who take the trouble to remember what a fact is and what a law is. Else he could not speak of prolonging the past into the present, an ill phrase indeed for those who take the trouble to remember what past means and what present means. Such confusions are innumerable. Else he could not use the term "intuition" as he does. The word "intuition" has two meanings absolutely distinct. Both are based on metaphor, but there is less of metaphor in one than in the other. In Latin the term means, of course, "looking upon," "seeing." In philosophy it means an immediate acquaintance with concrete fact, an acquaintance with it because it is directly present. The other meaning, wholly different from this, appears when we say colloquially that a man knows something by intuition. We mean that he knows it not by the steps of the reasoning process but by a sudden leap to a conclusion which we believe to be a sure leap. The fact is here not present, but he divines it by a single act of the mind. Now it is hardly credible, but it is true, that this word, on which so much is made to rest, is used by him in both these senses undistinguished.

M. Bergson carries "interpenetration" really too far. He allows logically distinct ideas to fuse. The philosophy of interpenetration becomes the philosophy of fusion—of con-fusion. The fault vitiates his work through and through. We begin to understand his very qualified regard for the logical intellect. We begin to understand how in his craving for originality he can perpetrate such an essay as that on Brain and Thought in this volume, a tour de force of sophistical ingenuity.

Now what solid contribution to philosophy comes out of his work? He tells us that the intellect demands solids. Reasoning by metaphor is contagious. Can it be that he questions the jurisdiction of the intellect because he is not going to offer us anything solid?

Broadly speaking, his work (and this is true of the present volume) may be described as a reaction against mechanical explanation in matters of life, against causal explanations in matters of human action, and against "intellect" in matters of conclusion and knowledge; in brief, a tilt against mechanism, a tilt against determinism, and a tilt against rationalism. The positive ideas which he possesses on these topics he carries even into the ideal of life and the conception of God.

Consider his assault on the mechanical view of the world. He assaults it with learning, with imagination, with the most accomplished ingenuity. But, rather oddly, the full import of his attack has seldom been discussed. This is because we do not consider the full nature of what he is attacking. The mechanical is the controllable. Man, beginning with primitive man, has more and more sought to find mechanics in the world in order that he might control the world, to sustain his life and to better it. And if the world proves mechanical in practice it is so far mechanical in reality. A machine is something that he has made to control for a particular purpose. He tries to find how he can control nature for his purposes. If nature is not machine-like or mechanical, just so far it is not controllable and cannot be made to serve the deliberate purposes of man. So far as the processes of life of the organism are not mechanical they are not governable and we cannot husband and manage our health, our energy, our life, the life of society. He who prefers to feel that the doings of life are in the hands of an incalculable vital principle has a thought very striking and perhaps very inspiriting, but not applicable in any reliable manner. He has the spectacle of life, not an art of living. He admires life, but does not master it. He has a thrill in place of a satisfaction. Now this is thoroughly in the spirit of our day. Activity for its own sake is on all hands praised and celebrated. We tend to be, as a wise man has said, "bound nowhere under full sail." The author himself emphasizes that mechanical analysis is practical; so far then as he limits or excludes it, he is limiting or excluding practical control.

There are a great many arguments in books of philosophy that are plausible because they are long. If they were brought down to a few words they would not impress. M. Bergson's argument about the eye, to prove that it did not owe its origin to physical causes, is exactly of this character. It is impressive because he never commits it to a few words. Caligula or Nero is understood to have said that he wished all Rome had but one neck so that he might cut its head off. Some philosophers have a species of unconscious instinct that warns them against giving all their argument on a subject one neck, lest some ill-disposed critic might cut its head off,—nay, it must in justice be said, lest they might unexpectedly find it their duty to cut it off themselves. He assumes in his argument that a psychic force could by its steady urge produce eyes concurrently in independent lines or branches of animal life that did not affect one another at all. And he assumes that the physical factors of evolution, the physical necessities of animal life, could not have produced them. His argument rests thus on a negative proposition unproved and on a positive proposition not only unproved but so vague as to be incapable of proof.

What is the real import of his own theory of evolution? It means that if we could fully see the working of an animal body we should see particles of matter moved and shaped not by other particles of matter, but by an invisible force; moved and shaped without contact. M. Bergson was one of the group of French savants who sat as investigators of Madame Eusapia Palladino and were completely mystified or deceived by her. Now what he calls the "vital

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

current" irresistibly reminds one of what Eusapia used to call her current, her "corente," that "levitated" tables and left banjos and toy-pianos, after the light was raised, standing where they ought not. The analogy in the case is completed by the fact that there is a light in this case too, which M. Bergson insists upon having turned down at the beginning of the performance. That is of course the light of the understanding. Just as Palladino used to say that there was something inimical to her sensitive and bashful current in the nature of light, and that the light had to be got out of the way before the current would flow, so it is here. There is something inimical to M. Bergson's theory in the nature of the logical intellect.

This philosopher might well be apprehensive of reason. For what he is asking us to do is simply to abandon explanation. To explain a thing is to show that it had to be as it was. The only way of doing this is to find a law and to show that the event was a case of this law. We show, for instance, that A will always be followed by B. Here was an A, so B had to follow. B is thus explained. There is no other way of explaining. So explanation involves laws of sequence. It involves distinguishing. It involves distinguishing between A and B, and distinguishing in any confused heap of facts between A and the rest of the facts. To explain we always have to analyze. Science is an effort to explain, and all science is analysis. If we stop analyzing and begin to contemplate something as a whole, just to have the feeling of it, then we have turned away from science to aesthetic appreciation or personal appreciation or religious appreciation. It is in this realm that the mystical attitude of the soul has its place, the highest place. M. Bergson's philosophy has been called mystical. Exactly! That is, it is mystical philosophy. His philosophy is mysticism standing where it ought not. No real philosophy can be mystical. No real mysticism can be philosophy. Mysticism and philosophy are both justified, but we are not talking about the same thing when we talk about a philosophy and about mysticism. All that is striking, sublime, contagious, inspiriting, in M. Bergson's contemplations, and there is much, is justly and admirably so. But that part is not philosophy. Philosophy, like science, is all analysis. It is simply the profoundest of the sciences.

The truth is that our philosopher represents a relapse to the abortive science of the Middle Ages. That attempted science would explain the behavior of some physical substance, what we should now call its chemical properties, by its alchemic essence. It knew nothing about this alchemic essence except that it was, so to speak, the actuating temperament of the substance. It was like explaining a man's actions by saying: "That is a way he has." And so the physical activities of an animal body were explained by a vital principle, or, as it was sometimes called, a vegetative soul, that dwelt within the body and simply contained in itself the secret of all the body did and was.

Now modern chemistry, for example, goes about the task in a wholly new way. It says that the rich properties of a substance are a result of the combination of simpler elements. It explains by analysis. The mediaeval idea was that if a thing had remarkable properties there must be something inside it to give it those properties, an occult cause of its properties, something that had all the richness to itself and infused it into the visible matter. This occult cause appears to be merely the relic of the idea of a spirit or ghost. It was not called a spirit or ghost any longer, but it played something of the same part in the affair. It was an "énergie spirituelle" invoked for physical explanation.

Now the professed explanations of Creative Evolution and the other books are almost all of this nature. The fact is concealed by the admirably conscientious acquaintance of the author with scientific details and literature. He speaks the language of modern science with an excellent accent. He entrenches himself with the utmost caution behind the facts. But all the while he is just a learned, punctiliously equipped, overpoweringly impressive spokesman of folk-lore. He is employing the ideas of "sympathetic magic." This is the real secret of his immense vogue. And this is also, as was suggested at the outset, a chief reason why for a workman in philosophy it requires hard labor to understand him. His thought resists analysis. He is a representative of purely popular philosophy attired in fastidiously correct academic costume. We may give up explanation and adopt our author's theory, but we could never call his theory explanation. But indeed his is not a theory we could adopt, for it is not a coherent theory at all. It is an unsubstantial compound of metaphors.

There is a quaint philosophic tragedy in the fact that this relapse to mediaeval science should be seen in a philosopher who is a compatriot of Descartes and the first French philosopher of worldwide influence after him. For Descartes it was who made the best achievements of modern philosophy possible by drawing those very distinctions which M. Bergson is determined to blur. It was Descartes who clearly and decisively brought us out of mediaeval science and it is his most celebrated French successor who would lead us back. The conception that mind, by "running down," relapses into the form of matter, is of a singular crudity. It ought to be noted, however, that M. Bergson seems hardly French. The French genius is lucid. He has caught a certain superficial lucidity of style, but in essence his thoughts are,—well, "interpenetrating," confused.

It is true, of course, that mechanical analysis has not gone to the heart of things and never can, but it is humanly advisable to push it as far as it will possibly go. It represents our practical hold on the world. Spirit exists and materialism is discredited, but that does not supersede the mechanical analysis of the physical world. So also does the case stand in regard to determinism and free will. Our actual deterministic explanation of conduct does not go all the way and never will, but it represents our practical hold on conduct. It has been an error to suppose that so far as our acts of will are undetermined by causes they are free and responsible. It may conceivably be that indeterminism is in some slight degree true, but if so, in precisely that degree, we do not control our acts, we are not free and we are not responsible. Determinism stands for the element of control, the control of the character over actions. So far from being incompatible with freedom it is the only principle that is compatible with freedom. Determination by motives is merely the process, another name for which is free choice. M. Bergson's assault on determinism has a wholly harmful tendency. William James's assault on determinism had partly a wholesome tendency, for he was practical while M. Bergson is contemplative, and James's stress was really on a certain practical philosophy of life.

So it stands too with rationalism. Everybody thinks by instinct. Rationalism really means a belief in the wisdom of using a certain collection of tests and precautions called logic to make sure that our instinctive conclusions are trustworthy. There are no subjects in which these tests and precautions are not in some degree available. Throughout his long discussion of intellect our author offers no defini-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion and gives evidence of no clear conception of what he means by intellect.

The tendency and bearing of this author's thought is best seen when we come to his conception of God. He identifies God with the "vital impetus," which though embedded in different organisms is, he maintains, all the while numerically one. He describes this one great vital impulse as "a centre from which worlds shoot out like rockets in a display of fireworks." This centre, however, is not a person or thing, but a mere continuity of shooting out! "God is unceasing life, action, freedom." "God," thus conceived has no clear foreknowledge of His own purpose. The author expressly denies what he calls "finalism." "God" is, as it were, a continual struggle. A human organ is not designed, but the principle of life, pushing dimly in the direction of its needs, at last produces it. It is as if we thought of a near-sighted gentleman who is dimly aware of objects that concern him and without knowing just what they are or why he should look at them, by a vague, half-conscious impulse raises his eye-glass. Thus it is, according to our author, that animal life has raised the eye. Not only is deity conceived as struggle without foresight, but it is not defined with reference to the good. It unmakes as well as makes. It appears to have for the contemplative M. Bergson the very legitimate fascination of being intensely alive. The centre "from which worlds shoot out like rockets in a display of fireworks" is a picture congenial to the romantic temper. But Deity so conceived is not one with the good and offers no guidance to life.

What is the permanent importance of M. Bergson's work? On this question close examination can have in the end but one result. The only sound portions of any extent in his work are the first two chapters of his first book, The Immediate Data of Consciousness. They form certainly an admirable piece of work, though his thought there was less original than elsewhere. When we take up any one of the other portions of his work and examine it closely it collapses and seldom is anything but a little heap of dust left in the hand. As texts for philosophic study his volumes have permanent importance, for they are suggestive, they turn up most interesting questions, they have an important bearing upon our time. But as philosophy, that is, as an attempt to give us philosophic truth, they are not valuable. They are one more example of the unhappy waste of philosophic gifts due to the want of logical and critical education. It is not until the schools of philosophy make it their first business to supply this education, that splendid talent such as M. Bergson's will be protected against itself and enabled to give the world fruit of permanent value.

DICKINSON S. MILLER.

Howards End

Howards End, by E. M. Forster. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

FEW modern fictionists have revealed so robust a sense of the elusive and intangible as one finds in this novel of E. M. Forster's. And the main reason, one decides, is that the author of Howards End has realized the importance of relating even the most tentative conclusion about life as firmly as possible to the whole of life. Many adventurers into cryptic borderlands have seemed to detach themselves from other phases of thought and feeling as if unable to bear the touch of a too crass reality. But Forster stands four square to the "winds and odors of life," presenting a rich complex of characters and reactions from which to evolve the more delicate nuances of his theme.

"Only to connect!" says Margaret Wilcox, looking deep through the prosaic kindliness and competence of her husband. Connect what? Why the gulls and the stars and the wych-elm and the tender cruelties of love itself with the garage, the motors, the nervous stupidity of Dolly and the middle-aged materialism of Henry Wilcox. To connect ricks of food and over-furnished dining-rooms with a hungry clerk who spends money for concrete and walks alone all night in the country. To see abyss and plains and mountain peaks clearly enough to recognize the common elements of all. This is of course an ancient task, ancient and possibly eternal, but in the story of Howards End it is essayed with rare insight and originality. Neither is it as serious as all this sounds. The book is entrancingly human with much of that deep-running humor that bubbles up from the heart of things.

The time is about ten years ago when Pan-Germanism and English Imperialism were being discussed discreetly, but in the same breath. The novel is a reprint, having been published at this earlier date and since then long out of print. An evidence of soundness is the fact that one reads it without any feeling of its having been bowled over by the war. The people are alive. The dialogue is apt and revealing. Margaret and Helen Schlegel are two wealthy and spirited young women living in London with their younger brother. With only Aunt Juley to visit them and remonstrate occasionally, the sisters lead an alert, independent existence, concerned a bit consciously over Art and Thought, but fearless and unusually clear-eyed.

"Some ladies do without hotels. Are you aware that Helen and I have walked alone over the Apennines with our luggage on our backs?"

"I wasn't aware, and, if I can manage it, you will never do such a thing again."

These two remarks suggest the respective mental attitudes of Margaret and her elderly husband. But if anyone could connect a Henry Wilcox with a subtler and more far-reaching world than he had known it would be such a person as Margaret Schlegel. In spite of her impetuosity she has a sustaining simplicity and patience. She is affectionately tolerant except when she denounces Henry in one splendid outburst at his hypocritical judgment of her sister. The same poise which has kept her indulgent of his blindness supports her condemnation and allows her to spare nothing of the bitter truth. The same intellectual steadiness enables her to pull together the broken threads of life at Howards End. In their helter-skelter eagerness she and Helen had reached a plane of the unseen which transcended the security of the whole Wilcox clan who with all their capability had never really learned to say "I."

Dramatic values are expertly managed. The breadth and casualness of the approach forms a specious background for the poignant climax which holds one to the last page.

R. H.

Contributors

LYTTON STRACHEY is the author of Eminent Victorians.

EDWARD G. LOWRY was formerly Managing Editor of the New York Evening Post. He served in the diplomatic and military service of the United States during the war.

ARTHUR GLEASON is a member of the Bureau of Industrial Research, New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED